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PEAKING PIECES

FOR

Little Scholars and Older Pupils



ORIGINAL

Dialogues

AND

Recitations

BY

ELLEN O. PECK



BOSTON 1890

LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

10 MILK STREET NEXT "OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE"

NEW YORK CHAS. T. DILLINGHAM

713 AND 720 BROADWAY

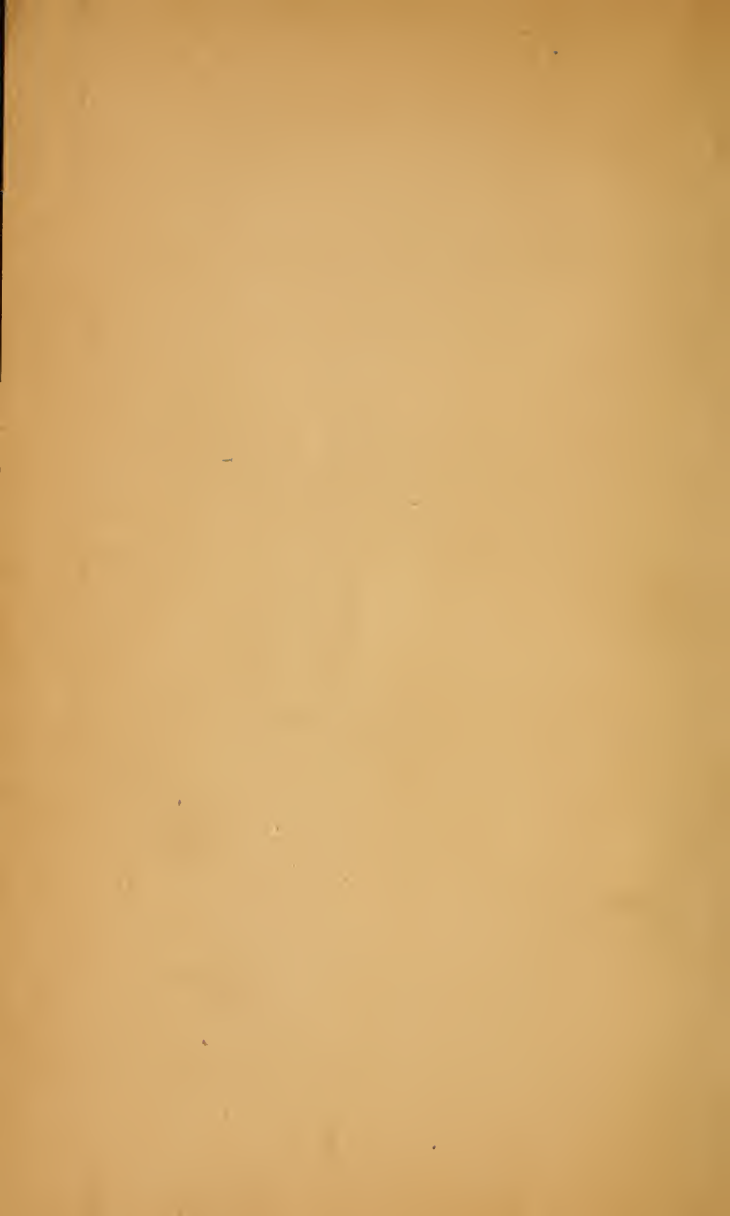
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SPEAKING PIECES

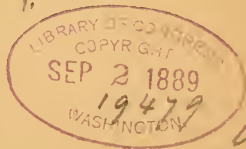
FOR

LITTLE SCHOLARS AND OLDER PUPILS

ORIGINAL RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES, INCLUDING CHA-
RADES AND ENTERTAINMENTS FOR SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS
AND HOME PLEASURE, WITH PIECES FOR BIRTHDAY
AND WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES, DECORATION
DAY AND OTHER OCCASIONAL
CELEBRATIONS

BY

ELLEN ORTENSA PECK



BOSTON 1890

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NEW YORK CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM

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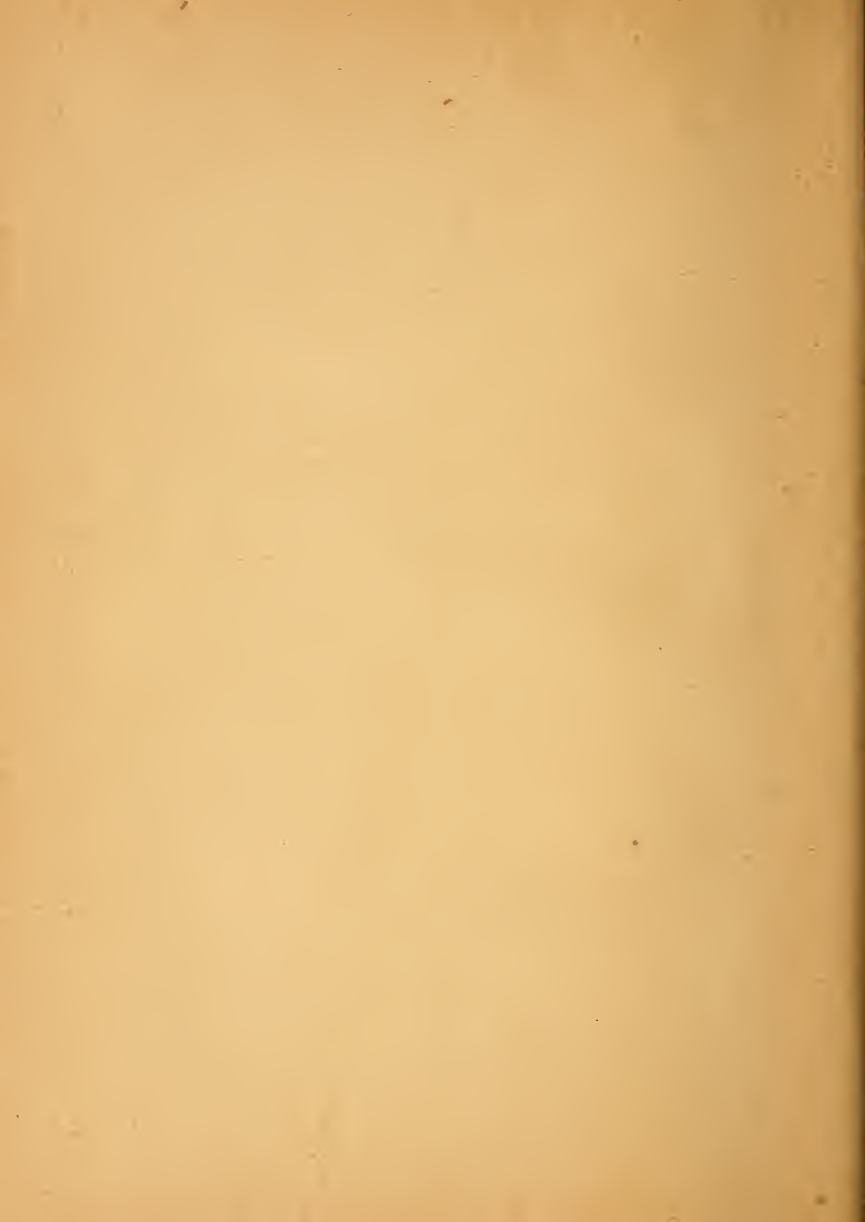
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PART I

FOR LITTLE SPEAKERS



SPEAKING PIECES

WHY I SING.

THOUGH my songs may seem but little,
And never a penny they bring,
Though you call me weak and simple,
Don't ask me not to sing.

I know the great and wise ones
May never pause to hear,
But the little ones and weak ones
May sometimes linger near,

And from my heart's deep gladness
May catch a sweet refrain;
And so my constant singing
May help to soften pain.

But like the little streamlets
That through dark forests flow,
If never a note of mine were heard,
I still must sing I know.

For in my soul God's mercy
Has placed a bubbling spring,
That sparkles and laughs and leaps in joy,
And that is why I sing.

THE FIRST DECLAMATION.

I know I'm but a little boy,
But I can act my part ;
And maybe, when I leave the stand,
You'll own that I am smart.

I never spoke in public
Upon the stage before ;
But now I'll do the best I can, —
Angels can do no more.

I mean to be a wiser boy
As older yet I grow ;
To have my mind all nicely stored
With what I ought to know.

And maybe we shall meet again,
When I am grown a man ;
Then I will make a better speech
Than simple boyhood can.

KATIE'S RECITATION.

I know I am a little girl,
But I can say a word,
For I am not too young to tell
How much I love the Lord.

And don't you know from His own lips
This blessed verse was given,
"Forbid not little ones to come, —
Of such," He said, "is Heaven" ?

Oh, yes, I love our Saviour's name,
And trust His tender care ;
I mean to be His little lamb,
So as to meet Him there.

I would be one of that glad throng
His wondrous face to see ;
And so I list to hear Him say :
" Katie, come unto me."

THE CHILD'S INVITATION.

BROTHERS, sisters, you are welcome
To the Saviour's loving fold ;
Come and gather here the treasures
Better far than gold.

He was once a little child,
With a child's glad little heart,
And He loves to see the children
Choose the better part.

Have you never heard His voice,
In your lives but just begun,
Saying sweetly to your hearts,
" Little children, come " ?

He will take us, brothers, sisters,
And His love about us fold,
As He blessed the little children
In His arms of old.

VACATION IS COMING.

THE last day has come, and vacation is near :
We welcome its coming with jolly good cheer.
We love in the schoolroom our schoolmates to meet,
And our teacher's kind face each morning to greet ;
But boys are made up in a very queer way,
They cannot forever choose study from play,
So, with the best wishes to all of our mates,
We shall bid a farewell to our books and our slates.
To you, loving teacher, for patience and care,
May vacation of good things bring a very large share.
Oh joy to you all, vacation is near, —
When school is excused, let us give a round cheer.

I WILL.

"I WISH" is good, but often weak,
"I'll try" is brave and wise ;
But grand "*I will*," in every game
Must carry off the prize.

"I wish" spends often idle time,
"I'll try" not always wins :
"I will" has half the battle fought,
E'en when he first begins.

My boys and girls in every work
Secure the truest friend ;
While "Wish" and "Try" may help you on,
"I Will" makes sure the end.

FOR A SCHOOL PICNIC.

A PICTURE radiant in our eyes,
Our picnic in the wood.
These trees, these flowers, these sunny skies,
All do the children good.

Not only what we learn from books
Will make us great and wise ;
For God has written many truths
On all beneath the skies.

We learn good lessons from our books,
Then lessons learn from these, —
Sweet poems in the wild wood flowers,
And stories in the trees.

All through the day the merry birds
Can sing us gleeful songs ;
The robin and the squirrel gay,
Each to our school belongs.

We wish for all such happy lives
As live the birds and flowers ;
And carry with us memories glad
Of these bright summer hours.

May all our lives be leading up
Where treasures bright are laid,
Where waters flow by pastures green,
And summers never fade.

CHRISTMAS WORDS.

How many boys, amid these joys
That make us glad to-night,
Have ever thought of the gift first brought
Which makes the Christmas bright ?

Of the shepherds old, with their gifts of gold,
Who sought the manger low,
And saw the light of Christmas night,
Hundreds of years ago ?

And do you know, in that manger low,
To the world a gift was given,
In the infant fair, a Prince of Peace,
To draw all souls to heaven ?

And that on earth thus sprang to birth
The merry Christmas time ;
And stars and angels rang it in
With many a merry chime ?

May every gift our souls uplift
To that blessed Giver of all,
And songs of praise to the Saviour raise,
For the blessings that 'round us fall.

With the merriest boys we'll count our joys,
But will make our Christmas true,
By giving our parts with grateful hearts,
And praise to whom it is due.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

OF all the trees that swing to the breeze,
From the mountain down to the sea,
Not one to-night gives such delight
As the beautiful Christmas tree.

Like apples of gold its fruits behold
With promises for all.
On Christmas night they all are ripe,
And ready now to fall.

And so quite brief I make my speech,
From policy, you see ;
To haste the hour when a glad shower
Will fall from the Christmas tree.

We'll strip the fruit from top to root,
Till none thereon appear ;
Then home we'll go for more to grow
Before another year.

LITTLE THINGS.

WHEN God makes a lovely thing
The fairest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know ?
For little things are sweetest.

Little birds and little flowers,
Little diamonds, little pearls ;
But the dearest things on earth
Are the little boys and girls.

THE ROBBERY.

THE springtime came with buds and flowers,
And robes of emerald green ;
The trees their branches tossed on high,
To kiss the sky serene.

The feathered songsters from the South
Came back with us to roam,
And all the sunny hours they toiled
To make their summer's home.

Two little birds with downy, painted breasts,
Came flying side by side,
Across the sunny Southern plains,
The robin and his bride.

New England's hills and vales they reached,
And followed the waters clear
Of the river which flows from north to south,
The pride of the people here.

They stopped at last in Newbury town,
Which rose from the waters blue,
And to the village on the plain,
On hopeful wings they flew.

In front of my window they made their home,
In a leafy maple-tree,
And their beautiful skill in framing it
Seemed wonderful to me.

It grew so fast I could not see
How they made the little cup;
I only know, they very soon
Had the building all put up.

A few more days of patient care,
Spent by the bride at home,
To which the mate with stores of food
In love would daily come.

And then some eggs of lovely blue
Lay in the fairy nest,
And now in part for all their care
The happy pair were blest.

An enemy lurked near e'en then,
With eyes that boded wrong;
A cat had marked them for his prize
While listening to their song.

The robins knew it not, their hearts
Had never dreamed of ill,
And when night came they sought the home
Constructed by their skill.

The foe came forth with stealthy step, —
The darkness was around, —
But the yellow eyes of the wicked cat
The fairy bird-home found.

He did the work; I cannot tell
How birdies plead for life,
For I only knew that when morning came,
All over was the strife.

The birds were gone — we hear no more
Their songs in the maple-tree ;
The eggs they tended with loving care,
All crushed on the ground we see.

Who dares to say the sinner's guilt
Will not surely find him out,
That even the crimes of a wicked cat
Will not follow him about ?

When the housewife went for water at noon
Where the iron-bound bucket fell,
She saw the old cat's spotted back
In the mossy depths of the well.

Down, down he had fallen o'er walls of stone
To find a watery bed,
And was taken up all stiff and cold, —
For the robber cat was dead.

THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

A GRAND array of horse and man
Were drawn in showy line,
The Emperor's carriage in the van,
Of royalty the sign.

A sea of faces rose to greet
The cavalry review,
Brightened by sunshine soft and sweet
From mellow skies of blue.

A little girl, with laughing face,
Unnoticed, crept away
From mother's side, her hiding-place,
And quickly, as in play,

She rushed into the open square,
Just as a squadron fine
Made a *détour*, the Empress fair
To give a greeting sign.

The flying hoofs, at gallop pace
Down on the little child !
In horror mute blanched many a face,
The Empress' cry was wild.

Eyes closed, that on their aching sight
The horror might not fall !
Those thousand iron hoofs well might
The stoutest hearts appall.

No chance to rush across the line,
And grasp the little one,
For quicker than a thought or sign,
The squadron rushes on.

Already 'neath a prancing horse,
Inevitable her doom !
An instant more a mangled corse,
What now is life and bloom !

A brave hussar, quicker than thought,
Across his horse's neck
His body threw ; the child, he caught
Without a moment's check.

The child is safe ! and one grand roar,
There rises cheer on cheer,
Ten thousand and ten thousand more
Of voices loud and clear.

The child is safe ! Two women sob
The joy they would express ;
Their tears are each a warm heart throb
The brave hussar to bless.

The mother and the Empress grand
This deepest homage gave,
While the Emperor proudly held the hand
Of the gallant trooper brave ;

And from his breast the cross that shone,
The emblem of a knight,
He took, and placed on the soldier's own,
Which throbbed with proud delight.

All this for the life of a little child,
The country's heart is stirred ;
A throb divine, all undefiled,
Is felt where the deed is heard.

Oh ! judge not human nature hard,
For currents warm and deep
Flow underneath the surface scarred,
Where colder waters sweep.

A child's sweet face, a gallant deed,
The currents outward roll,
In grief or joy, to meet our need,
Christ-love within the soul.

THE BEATITUDES.

TEACHER.

As here to-day we gather,
We would hear what you have done ;
Of your faith and prayers and strivings,
And the victories you have won ;
Of patient labor, of good seed sown,
Of harvests gathered and made your own.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

I have walked among my fellows,
And shrinking from the proud,
Have turned away with calmness
From the haughty, laughing crowd,
To find a comfort sure and sweet,
Sitting humbly at Christ's feet.

CLASS.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

SECOND SCHOLAR.

I have shed my tears of sorrow
Over the sin and wrong,
And for the triumph of virtue
Have watched and waited long.
Now over the Hills of Love Divine,
Gleams of the morning begin to shine.

CLASS.

"Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted."

THIRD SCHOLAR.

I have looked with patient loving
Into faces cold and stern,
And to bitter words of anger
Given soft ones in return,
And the world, so full of wrong and pride,
Has turned to me its better side.

CLASS.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

FOURTH SCHOLAR.

I have wished to know my duty,
My Father's will to do,
Have sought with prayer and yearning
To find the pure and true,
That I might taste, e'en in my youth,
The waters sweet of Living Truth.

CLASS.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

FIFTH SCHOLAR.

I have reached my arms in pity
To fold the wanderer in,
And thrown a loving mantle
Over my brother's sin,
And when I needed strength and cheer,
Sweet words of comfort did I hear.

CLASS.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

SIXTH SCHOLAR.

Amid the world's temptations
My heart has sought the light,
To walk amid the shadows
With garments always white,
That never any thought impure
My spirit's vision might obscure.

CLASS.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

SEVENTH SCHOLAR.

I sought amid contention,
Where brothers strove in wrath,
To sow the seed forgiveness
Along a stormy path,
With hope that love might still increase,
And yield the blessed fruits of peace.

CLASS.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

EIGHTH SCHOLAR.

I have clung to the faith in sorrow,
For, being misunderstood,
The world has treated me falsely
When I labored only for good.
But the Lord in His mercy has heard my voice,
And amid persecution I still can rejoice.

CLASS.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

TEACHER.

And of the world, dearly beloved,
Ye are the appointed light ;
A city set upon a hill
Cannot be hid from sight.
So let your light in radiance shine,
As to glorify the Love Divine.

HOW TO SERVE GOD.

FIRST GIRL.

WHAT is it to serve God ?
Is it not to attend His church,
And in the hour of prayer
Bow down our heads, and humbly feel
'Tis good for us to be there ?

SECOND GIRL.

Oh, yes, upon the sabbath day
We serve Him when we rest and pray.

FIRST GIRL.

What more than this can any do,
To be a Christian just and true ?

SECOND GIRL.

O sister, the sabbath is only one day
Of a week made up of seven.
Shall no offering rise on the other six
To our blessed Father in Heaven ?

FIRST GIRL.

But what can we do, — leave work and play,
And think of God always, and sing and pray ?

SECOND GIRL.

You think not as I do, sister dear,
For all our work a time shall appear;
And surely we serve Him at work or play,
If only our hearts are in the right way.

FIRST GIRL.

Think you that God, so great and wise,
Takes note of each trifle that round us lies ?

SECOND GIRL.

Yes, sister ; not even the sparrows fall,
But God takes note of one and all ;
And a cup of water in His name given,
In the " Book of Life " is recorded in heaven.
Earnest at work, and cheerful at play,
With love in our hearts we should serve Him alway.

FIRST GIRL.

'Tis a lovely thought, I take it as true,
This lesson of life I have learned of you.

BOTH.

Oh, come with us all to God's vineyard to-day,
And serve Him with gladness at work and at play.

THE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

(For Five Little Girls.)

All: WOULD you ever think we five little girls
Make up a bouquet of flowers,
More highly prized in the garden of home
Than those in the loveliest bowers ?

First Girl: I am a daisy. (*Second Girl*) I am a rose.

Third Girl: I am a lily, I suppose.

Fourth Girl: I am a violet. (*Fifth Girl*) I am a pink.

All: A pretty bouquet, now, don't you think ?

First Girl: I am a daisy ; they call me "Sis"
Among my rollicking brothers,
And innocence pure gives me this place,
A daisy among these others.

Second Girl: I am a rose ; in the garden of home
I hold a loving sway ;
May my life be as beautiful as the
flower
I represent here to-day.

Third Girl: I am a lily. May purity be
The language of my heart,
For through my life I'll try to choose,
Like Mary, the better part.

Fourth Girl: I am a violet, modest and neat ;
Some people think I am bright and
sweet.

Fifth Girl : I, as a pink, am acting my part,
Little in stature, but great at heart.

First Girl : Innocence charms in a world of sin.

Second Girl : Beauty of soul we should seek to win.

Third Girl : Purity blossoms fair and white.

Fourth Girl : Modesty blushes, and hides from sight.

Fifth Girl : The pink is so happy it seeks for the
light.

All : We are flowers of hearts and of households,
Springing up in affection's sod;
We are blooming below, but fitting to bloom
Above in the garden of God.

GREETING.

(For a Primary School Entertainment for Four Children.)

First Girl : WE are glad to see you, friends, to-day
Within our schoolroom dear,
And thank you for your kindness
In meeting with us here.

All : And so we give you greeting,
A greeting merry and true;
A welcome, welcome, welcome,
To every one of you.

Second Girl : We know you'll not expect too much,
For we are small and young;
And many older, wiser schools,
No doubt you've been among.

All : And so we give you greeting, etc.

Third Girl : To try, our best, to do our best,
We'll show that we are proud,
And not do as so many do,
But speak out clear and loud.

All : And so we give you greeting, etc.

Fourth Girl : We aim to fit our minds and hearts
For duties pure and high,
To fill the places God designed
In the golden by and by.

All : And so we give you greeting, etc.

WHEN WE ARE MEN.

(For Two Boys.)

FIRST BOY.

WE are only boys, but are growing fast,
Soon our boyhood will be past ;
And I ask myself again and again,
What shall we do when we are men ?

SECOND BOY.

Better ask what shall we do as boys,
What shall we do with our books and toys ?
With lessons to learn and teachers to please,
Better ask, what shall we do with these ?
For they will go when our youth is past,
And, as you say, we are growing fast.

FIRST BOY.

Oh, books get stupid, and teachers get cross;
I'm sure they'll be no great of a loss;
And when we grow to be our own men,
Oh, I wonder now what we shall do then!
Let us be good and let us be great,
We will do something at any rate.

SECOND BOY.

But you forget, as boys make men,
We must labor now to prepare for then;
And our books and lessons so hard and dry,
Are fitting us now for the by and by.
If we please our teacher, and mind each rule,
And are prompt and punctual at school;
If we try to do right again and again,
We'll be ready for work when we are men.

FIRST BOY.

I see I am wrong in looking ahead,
While the lessons hard I so much dread,
Lie waiting to teach me the good and true;
For shame to be idle! with so much to do.

SECOND BOY.

Yes, for shame to be idle! for boys though we be,
God has a work for both you and me.

BOTH.

We'll choose for a guide in our childhood days,
Him who is worthy of prayer and praise;
We'll serve Him in boyhood, and then, and then
He'll help us to serve Him when we are men.

OPENING AND CLOSING EXERCISES.

(For Primary School Exhibition.)

WELCOME.

(Have a good board covered with white cloth, and ornamented with evergreens and gilt stars. Have seven nails in it to receive evergreen letters in form of an arch. Have this supported by two sticks, with cross-pieces at the bottom, so the frame will stand securely. These sticks may also be ornamented with evergreens. Each of seven little girls repeats her line, and then hangs the letter with which the line begins on the nail designed for it.)

First Girl: We gather here upon the stage,

Second Girl: Each little girl, you see;

Third Girl: Listen to hear our greeting words,

Fourth Girl: Coming so cheerfully.

Fifth Girl: On us bend your smiles of cheer,

Sixth Girl: Merrily, merrily give your ear,

Seventh Girl: Every one, so as to hear, —

All: Welcome.

GOOD-BY.

(Materials and arrangements the same as for the welcome.)

First Girl: Gayly have we passed the time

Second Girl: On our little stage this eve;

Third Girl: Only hoping we have pleased,

Fourth Girl: Do we take our leave.

Fifth Girl: By your presence here to-night,

Sixth Girl: You have kept our courage bright;

Seventh Girl: Each one thanks you with delight.

All: Good-by.

NATURE'S TEACHER.

(For a Little Boy and Girl.)

GIRL.

I HAD a dream last night, brother ;
A strange, bright dream of you ;
You were walking by my side, brother,
In the grove 'mong the violets blue.

BOY.

Ah, what did you dream of me, sister,
As I walked in the grove with you ?
What strange, bright dream did you have of me ?
Perhaps it may come true.

GIRL.

'Twas of us both, I dreamed, brother,
That wherever our glad feet trod,
The flowers sprang up in our happy way,
And smiled from the mossy sod.

And they whispered sweetly in tones so low
We listened as we stood ;
But the only words we gathered from them,
Were the single words "Be good !"

BOY.

That was a strange dream, indeed, sister,
That flowers at our feet should talk ;
But perhaps if we listen, such tones we shall hear
In the paths where we often walk.

GIRL.

Yes, mother has told me oft, brother,
That the birds and flowers we love,
May teach us lessons of beauty and light,
And whisper of angels above.

BOY.

Come, then, let us go to the grove, sister,
The birds and flowers to see,
And listen to voices to tell us of good
That may come to you and me.

BOTH.

We will go to the woods for a lesson to-day,
Not a book will we try to read ;
For the birds and flowers shall our teachers be,
And they shall our footsteps lead.

LITTLE GLEN.

DEAR little Glen, not three years old,
Was learning A, B, C;
And papa told him "W,"
But he said, "Double-me."
"No, no," said papa, "that's not right;
Come, try it once again,
Just as I do, now — W,"
But he said, "Double-Glen ?"

CHILD'S DECLAMATION.

I KNOW 'tis hard to study on,
As pleasant hours go by ;
I long so much to go and play,
But then I mean to try.
And all my life I'll make this rule,
Beginning with to-day,
Duty must come the first of all,
The work, and then the play.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

CHARACTERS. — *Six girls and five boys. One girl older than the others represents the Gypsy, and has spectacles, a cap, a red shawl, and an unabridged dictionary. The first-named article she puts on when she mentions them. To the last she refers as the names are given her, having it open on the table before her.*

Gypsy: COME, girls and boys, now gather 'round ;
A gypsy I will be,
And tell your fortunes every one,
Just as they're shown to me.

I'll wear this cap upon my head,
These glasses on my eyes,
This gay red shawl about my form,
To make me gypsy-wise ;
And this great book before me laid,
(*Opens dictionary*)
The oracles shall hold,
Which at the giving of your names,
Great mysteries unfold.

Who comes the first ? (*George advances.*)

Ah, sir, your name ?

George : 'Tis George, ma'am, if you please.

Gypsy : Oh, here it is ; a happy life
Your gypsy now foresees.

A rural life in verdant fields,
A *farmer* hale and strong,
Who welcomes the glad harvest home,
With whistle, laugh, and song.

A goodly name, a goodly life,
It bids you nobly try
To imitate the boy we love,
Who "could not tell a lie."

Who comes next ? a pretty maid, —

Nellie : And Nellie is my name.

Gypsy : Oh, yes, I see it all in *light*, —
A love-illumined flame.

Your life is to be bright and fair,
With hope and joy you give
To light the way for others' steps,
And help them well to live.

Agnes : My name is Agnes, gentle seer,
Give me a happy fate ;

Gypsy : Yes, Agnes shall be sweet and *pure*,
While others may be great.

And sweeter recompense by far
Than any earthly grace,
Shall come unto the *pure* in heart, —
They'll see the Father's face.

Charles : Ho, gypsy ! What in all your book
Bespeaks my future fame ?
A soldier, or a blacksmith, now
Lies hidden in my name.

Gypsy : Yes, Charlie, either one will do,
Since you are to be *strong* ;
Now fight, or hammer for the right,
Or to oppose the wrong.

Edwin : Well, what of me ? O gypsy gay,
My name is Ed, you know.

Gypsy : Oh, all the world will *yield you gold*,
Wherever you may go.

Pass on ; a little maiden comes,
With merry, laughing face ;

Anna : My name is Anna, gypsy dear,

Gypsy . Which here I find, is *grace*.

Graceful in form, graceful in mind,
To you God's grace be given,
That all your walk on earth may be
A radiant path to heaven.

Willie : And what for me ? a land of gold ?
A soldier's armor bright ?
With Ed, I'd gladly dig the ore,
Or with brave Charlie fight.

Gypsy : O Willie, you've a work to do
The bravest man might seek ;
Contented, then, accept your own,
Protector of the weak.

Patrick: And sure, ma'am, to yer honor,
I doff me old straw hat,
To hear a word about meself,
Though I am only Pat.

Gypsy: Why *only* Pat? You do not know
Patrick means *noble birth*,
And you may be as true a man
As walks upon the earth.

Martha: I'd like a humble, useful life,
Whate'er my name may hold,
That will read better at its close
Than when it is foretold.

Gypsy: Wise Martha, "*Ruler of the house*,"
To spend your happy days
By home's bright hearth, among fond
friends,
In pleasant household ways.

Mary: Dear gypsy, Mary is my name,
And *bitter* though it be,
Because of sacred memory,
Give a good word to me.

Gypsy: Though bitter in the Hebrew tongue,
To us it must be sweet,
Through Mary the mother of Christ,
And Mary at His feet.

And so your fate, my gentle friend,
I make, with cheerful heart,
Happy, because, like her of old,
You choose the better part.

And now I lay the book aside,
And take these from my eyes,
(*Removing spectacles*)
Hoping that in this little hour
With play we have grown wise,

And learned that by a little care,
Searching from whence it came,
We all may find at any time,
There's "something in a name."

PLAY OF THE ALPHABET.

(*An exercise for twenty-six small children. The letter each represents being pinned on the breast of each child. The last half is addressed to the audience. They take their places one by one.*)

1. (*Taking place on the stage*) — A advances.
2. (*Boy coming to A's side and bowing*) — B bows.
3. (*Girl coming into line and dropping a courtesy*) —
C courtesies.
4. (*Dancing into line*) — D dances.
5. (*Eating*) — E eats.
6. (*Coming on slowly and thoughtfully*) — F forgets.
7. (*Crying*) — G grieves.
8. (*Coming on very fast*) — H hurries.
9. (*Scrutinizing the others*) — I inspects.
10. (*Jumping along*) — J jumps.
11. (*Coming forward and kneeling in line*) — K kneels.
12. (*Coming quickly, lifts K up*) — L lifts.
13. (*Marching promptly*) — M marches.

14. (*Bowing*) — N nods.
15. (*Glancing about*) O observes.
16. (*Playing on mouth-organ, or Jew's-harp*) — P plays.
17. (*Holding in one hand an interrogation point*) —
Q questions.
18. (*Running into line*) — R runs.
19. (*Looking very pleasantly*) — S smiles.
20. (*Coming on awkwardly, falls down*) — T tumbles.
21. (*Following quickly, helps him up*) — U upholds.
22. (*Sauntering in*) — V visits.
23. (*Bringing a book*) — W works.
24. (*Bringing two books*) — X excels.
25. (*Handing a book to X*) — Y yields.
26. (*Coming in, in irregular course*) — Z zigzags.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Amuse us. | 14. Nourish us. |
| 2. Bless us. | 15. Oblige us. |
| 3. Care for us. | 16. Pet us. |
| 4. Defend us. | 17. Question us. |
| 5. Educate us. | 18. Rouse us. |
| 6. Forgive us. | 19. Steady us. |
| 7. Guide us. | 20. Trust us. |
| 8. Help us. | 21. Use us. |
| 9. Interest us. | 22. Value us. |
| 10. Judge us. | 23. Warn us. |
| 11. Know us. | 24. Excuse us. |
| 12. Love us. | 25. Yearn over us. |
| 13. Mould us. | 26. Zest our work. |

All in concert: And together we will do,
Almost everything for you.

TRYING TO BE BIG.

ANNIE.

O WILLIE, I've been to the beautiful town
Where flowers bloom close to the street,
And into the fields that lie beyond,
Where I crushed them with my feet;
And there is a pond that never dries,
And hosts and hosts of butterflies.

WILLIE.

Ho, butterflies ! I'd like to go
And give them all a chase,
And catch them in my old straw hat,
To pay me for the race.
And in the pond I'll bet I'd find
A speckled trout to suit my mind.

ANNIE.

What ! chase the pretty butterflies !
And catch the shining fish !
Just like a boy ! for such rough sport
I never had a wish.
I like to see them glad and gay,
With birds that sing, and lambs that play.

WILLIE.

What kind of birds were those that sung ?
I'd like to hear an owl,
With bigger eyes and smaller sight
Than any other fowl.
I'd hark to hear him hoo — oo — oot, —
Then raise my little gun and — shoot.

ANNIE.

Why, Willie Cross, I'm 'shamed of you,
Your talk is surely bad ;
I was sorry you couldn't go,
But now I'm sure I'm glad.
The birds were robins with reddish breasts,—
They had the funniest little nests !

WILLIE.

O pshaw ! Jim Howard told me once
He'd climbed up lots of trees,
And stolen eggs from robins' nests,
As many as you please.
He didn't seem to think them made
For any such fol-de-rol parade.

ANNIE.

O what a wicked, wicked boy
You've chosen for a mate !
And that is why you've changed so much
In all your ways of late.
You toss your head and tease me so, —
You're not the brother I used to know. (*Cries.*)

WILLIE.

Come, Annie, now, you silly girl,
Don't spoil your pretty eyes ;
I never stole a robin's nest,
Nor hurt the butterflies.
But who wants always to be good ?
I'm sure I wouldn't if I could.

ANNIE.

Would not be good ! why, Willie Cross,
What can I do but cry ? (*Crying.*)
I know if that's the way you talk,
You'll be dreadful by and by.
I wish Jim Howard would stay away,
And not come here another day.

WILLIE.

Now, Annie, I'm too big a boy
To play with little girls,
And be tied by mother's apron strings,
Or one of your pretty curls ;
And 'tisn't pleasant, don't you see,
To have the big chaps laugh at me.

ANNIE.

O dear ! our Uncle Henry Lee
Would say you are a coward,
And dare not do just what is right
For fear of Jimmie Howard.
He wouldn't like your head so high,
And words so rough, no more than I.

WILLIE.

Come, Annie, don't say any more,
Nor tell our Uncle Lee,
For all my life I've wanted most
To be as good as he.
And Jimmie's scoffs I'd rather hear
Than have you shed a single tear.

ANNIE.

O, now you're Willie Cross again,
Behave the best you can,
For uncle says a gentle boy
Will make a gentleman.
Come to the nursery and see
What I have brought from Uncle Lee. (*Exit.*)

WILLIE (*to audience*).

There's no use trying to be big
And making such a show :
A little girl will take you down
Before you hardly know.
I rather have her close at hand
Than all the big chaps in the land.

A LITTLE SPEECH.

WHY are we children called to speak
Where we scarce can say a word ?
For when we *want* to talk, we're told
We should be *seen*, not heard.

Perhaps you expect the wisest things
From the extremest youth,
Since children and *another* class
'Most always speak the *truth*.

If I could say a single word
To really do some good,
Although I dread to speak a piece,
I'd do it, if I could.

A MYSTERY.

(For April 1st.)

IN the quiet streets of Calais ¹
Have strangest scenes occurred,
And all have been astonished
At the things which they have heard.

Not only in the public street,
But by each cottage hearth,
There's come what never has been seen
But once a year on earth.

Such noise it made we closed our ears,
In sudden, grave alarm ;
But have not found that anywhere
It otherwise did harm.

It even came with saucy air
Into our quiet school ;
And there 'twas caught by students brave,
And proved an — *April fool*.

FOR OTHERS.

A BRIGHT smile here, and a kind word there,
As cups of cold water given,
To bless the least of Christ's little ones,
Will be written for us in heaven.
If we live for the right, and for others' needs
Our hearts go out in yearning,
The good that shall come in our own dark days,
Will be but the bread returning.

¹ Any town substituted.

TEN LITTLE BOYS AT SCHOOL.

TEN little boys starting in a line,
One went back, then there were nine. .

Nine little boys marking on a slate,
One was called out, then there were eight.

Eight little boys, recess at eleven,
One ran away, then there were seven.

Seven little boys got into a fix,
One was sent home, then there were six.

Six little boys for a prize did strive,
One missed a word, then there were five.

Five little boys studied all the more,
One played truant, then there were four.

Four little boys climbed into a tree,
One fell out, then there were three.

Three little boys seeing what they could do,
One cut a caper, then there were two.

Two little boys with work nearly done,
One lost his book, then there was one.

One little boy studying all alone,
He fell asleep, then there were none.

THE CHILD'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

CLARA.

SEE, sister mine, how blue the sky,
The fleecy clouds, how white !
How beautiful must heaven be,
When the wrong side's so bright !

LUVIA.

Oh, yes, dear Clara, don't you know
Of heaven we are told,
That there are lovely mansions there,
And the streets are paved with gold ?
And there are waters clear and bright,
And pastures soft and green,
And there are flowers more beautiful
Than e'er on earth are seen.

CLARA.

And think you there are little lambs,
And many a singing bird,
To skip and play and music make,
As in these woods are heard ?

LUVIA.

Oh, there the children are the lambs,
And holy are their plays,
And angels make the music there,
In songs of prayer and praise.

CLARA.

- And do you think they have such days
Of sunshine and of rain ?
- And do the angels go to sleep
When night has come again ?

LUVIA.

Oh, sister dear, how strange you talk !
The angels never sleep,
But sing and work, and all the time
Their holy vigils keep.

CLARA.

But do they never weary grow
When it is coming night ?
And are the evenings very dark,
Or does the moon give light ?

LUVIA.

'Tis never dark in heaven, dear.
For Jesus makes it light,
And though they have no sun, nor moon,
There comes no gloomy night.

CLARA.

How beautiful must heaven be !
How bright it must appear !
And mother says that we should make
A little heaven here.

BOTH.

Yes, so we should, and so we will,
By little acts of love,
That earth, our present happy home,
May seem like that above.

THE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

SCENE. — *Mother sitting sewing by table, on which is a basket of work. Enter children, Emma and Jennie with baskets of leaves and flowers, Willie with pail of fish, and Eddie with pockets full of pebbles, Jennie's apron torn.*

MOTHER.

O WHERE have you been, my dears ?
O where have you wandered at play ?
Your cheeks are red and your aprons torn,
O where have you been to-day ?

EMMA.

Dear mother, we've been to the brook and the woods,
And down in the violet dell,
And now we've come back with baskets full,
And each a story to tell.

WILLIE, JENNIE, AND EDDIE (*all talking at once*).

Willie : Yes, mother — Jennie — O mamma, mamma dear !

Eddie : Why, mamma, just listen to me —

Willie : Here are the fishes I caught from the brook,

Jennie : We have lots we want you to see.

EMMA.

Come, Willie and Jennie and Eddie dear,
You all talk away so fast,
That mother will tire of your chatter and noise,
And not hear our stories at last.

MOTHER.

Yes, children gay, your sister is right—
Will, carry your fish to the cook.
I guess your story will surely be
Some adventure beside the brook.

WILLIE.

And, mother, all these fish are yours :
We'll crown you queen to-day,
And each some gift to honor you
Before your feet will lay.
And these are mine, — but dripping wet :
I'll leave them out with Ann.
Now, girls, you wait till I come back ;
I'll go as quick's I can. (*Exit.*)

JENNIE.

O mamma, such a funny scrape !
And Eddie had a fall, —

EDDIE.

Come, now, Miss Jennie, hold your tongue,
Or you will tell it all.

JENNIE (*calling*).

Come, Willie, I can never wait !

(*Enter Willie.*)

WILLIE.

Now, Emma, you begin,
And tell your story of the brook,
How Eddie tumbled in.

EMMA.

Why, ma, since this is holiday,
And your birthday beside,
We said we'd have a splendid time
If we couldn't go to ride.
And I proposed we wander out
And gather pretty things,
And bring you back a generous store
Of birthday offerings.
And Willie said we'd make you queen,
And give you such a crown,
And be such loving subjects too,
That you could never frown.
And first we went down to the brook,
And Willie caught his fish,
For, as you know, *he* chose to bring
To you a sumptuous dish.
And Eddie caught a little dace,
And thought it good as trout,
And pulled so quickly he fell in
Just as the fish came out.

I scrambled down and caught his arm
Before he hardly cried,
But Jennie screamed and thought him drowned,
And asked if he had died.
I took his shoes and stockings off,
And laid them neatly by,
And told him he must run and play
Until his clothes were dry.

EDDIE.

She put my shoes, and stockings too,
In her basket under the flowers,
And Jennie and I went running on
To find these things of ours.
And we heard a drumming, drumming sound,
And Jennie was afraid,
When an old gray partridge started up
From a place in the hemlock shade.
We looked to find the partridge's nest
Among the ferns and weeds, —

JENNIE.

O we found a little hum-bird's nest,
With eggs like little beads.

EDDIE.

Wait, Jennie, till my story's told, —
The nest we couldn't find;
And while we hunted all about,
Willie came up behind,
And gave a hoot like some old owl,

That made us jump with fear.
He told us partridges were shy,
And the nest might not be near.
And then we went all through the woods,
And the girls just gathered flowers,
While Will and I climbed up the trees,
And called them lofty towers.

WILLIE.

Come, Ed, you make your story long ;
Let Jennie speak — you know
She's waited all this long, long time,
When her tongue aches so to go.
We left the woods with a scramble and run,
To get to the orchard trees,
And the song of the brook we left behind,
For the hum of the buzzing bees.

JENNIE.

O yes, 'twas in the orchard, ma,
Will climbed an apple-tree,
And found the little hum-bird's nest,
And called us all to see.
O ma, 'tis such a cunning thing !
I wanted it for you ;
But Emma said the bird would cry,
And it would never do.
Such little eggs in such a nest
I never saw before, —
Two eggs ; and Emma said that there
Were never any more.

I scratched my arm, my apron tore,
In the old rough apple-tree,
And guess I'd have cried when my basket fell,
If they hadn't laughed at me.

And Emma said I should have her moss,
And I should crown you queen,
And give you the bud from her own rosebush,
With leaves and mosses green.
And she could find something else, she said,
She thought would do as well.

EMMA.

There, Jennie, that, I think, will do,
'Tis all you need to tell.

WILLIE.

Now, mother, lay aside your work,
And Jennie, get your crown;
For if they are not soon relieved,
Ed's pockets will break down.

(Mother lays aside her work, Willie removes her work-basket from table, Emma takes from her basket wreath of leaves and flowers, hands it to Jennie, who places it on mother's head, and all sing or say:)

With vines and flowers from God's dear fields,
We crown our queen to-day;
For in our hearts and in our lives,
Our mother holds the sway.

JENNIE.

Oh, is she not a lovely queen ?
(*Handing moss and rosebud from her basket.*)

Here, mamma, is my rose,
And you must make a little speech
For each of us, to close.

MOTHER (*taking them and arranging them on table*).

Dear Jennie, then, I take your gift,
And liken it to you :
Its beauty and its fragrant life
Whisper a story true,
Of a little girl who gladdens me
With sunshine bright and gay ;
And as this bud will soon unfold,
My Jennie grows each day.
And may your life fore'er, my dear,
From now until its close,
Grow sweeter with each passing day,
Like the fragrant heart of a rose.

EDDIE (*taking pebbles from pockets*).

My gift is pebbles from the brook :
They looked so bright and round,
I waded in up to my knees,
Where the neatest ones were found.
You know you said, the other day,
"Sermons there are in stones,"
And I thought that you could preach to me
From all these pretty ones.

MOTHER.

Thank you, my son : they call to mind
A lad of long ago,
Who gathered pebbles from the brook
That laid a giant low.
As David great Goliath slew
By weapons weak and small,
So little thoughts and deeds of good
May make bad habits fall.
And from this story you may learn
A lesson glad and bright,
That ever in your daily life
God favors truth and right.

WILLIE.

Dear mother, my fish preparing now,
To give our queen a meal,
While hunger they must satisfy,
What truth can they reveal ?

MOTHER.

The humble fishermen of old,
On stormy Galilee,
Were blessed above the greatest men
Who sail the open sea.
Our Book beloved has many a tale
Of Him who came to save,
When with the fishermen he sailed,
Or walked upon the wave.
O Holy King! O precious Lord!
Who loved the humble craft,

And to the hungry, weary ones,
Gave such a wondrous draught ;
And called on them to follow Him
Whose life on the sea had been,
And gave to them the promise good,
To make them fishers of men ;
So He calls on us all to-day, my son,
To cast our hook and line,
And, by the influence of pure lives,
Draw hearts to the love Divine.

EMMA (*taking bunch of violets from basket*).

My gift, dear mamma, is not much ;
It came from the violet dell ;
I knew these blue-eyed blossoms fair,
Would please your fancy well.

MOTHER.

My dear, a lovely little gift,
With language pure and sweet,
A modest flower, like modest lives,
With fragrance all replete.
And these seem dearer to my heart,
And fairer to my eyes,
That they can speak with perfume sweet,
Of my child's self-sacrifice.
In giving Jennie joy to-day,
And comfort when she fell,
You bring a better hope to me,
Than I can ever tell,

For in your life, my precious girl,
Your heart will ever meet,
For every rose you give away,
A blessing far more sweet.
My children all — no better crown,
Save that which waits above, .
A mother's heart can ever ask
Than this — her children's love.

THE MONTHS.

(For Twelve Speakers.)

JANUARY.

I WELCOME in the glad New Year,
The sleigh-bells jingle in the ear,
And merry voices, sweet and clear,
Give back gay words of greeting cheer;
While fields of snow lie far and near,
And promises of good appear
To freshen hope and banish fear,
O happy month of the gay New Year!

FEBRUARY.

With less of night and more of day
I come, but short must be my stay;
And Cupid, full of roguish play,
Sends valentines both sweet and gay,
With arrows hid in their folds away.
O little god, that may betray,
And make his game a serious play
To those who hail my fourteenth day.

MARCH.

Ho ! blustering March ! I come to you,
With airy greetings, healthy and true ;
A few of my gales, and the winter is through.
I hastened spring when my trump I blew,
For the flowers underground my great voice knew ;
And I have the making of presidents, too :
They blossom out earlier than other flowers do,
And once in four years, I give one to you.

APRIL.

I come with blended smiles and tears,
With tender hopes and trembling fears,
And all the earth my coming cheers ;
A promise glad for eyes and ears,
As voices sweet the spring-time hears,
And on the upland slope appears
A tender hint that summer nears,
And smiles will triumph over tears.

MAY.

I come, I come from lands of bloom,
To gladden earth and conquer gloom ;
As though my coming foretold doom,
Each tidy housewife grasps her broom,
And battles with dirt in every room ;
But I serenely shed perfume,
And deck each precious soldier's tomb
With tributes of love — a wealth of bloom.

JUNE.

Of all the months, I am the queen,
Dressed in my robes of flowing green,
With flowers each airy fold between,
With verdant fields and skies serene,
And placid lakes of silver sheen.
The promises in April seen
Are here fulfilled in my demesne,
As, golden crowned, I stand the queen.

JULY.

O sister mine, scarcely less fair,
With longer days and softer air,
I claim of summer's wealth a share.
A darker robe of green I wear,
With jewels in my flowing hair;
The nation's glory, too, I share,
The heroes' shout, and trumpet blare,
My grand old Fourth will e'er declare.

AUGUST.

Ah, soft and dreamy are my days,
Half-hidden in a purple haze.
The cattle on the upland graze,
And each at twilight homeward strays,
Feeding beside the dusty ways.
The farm-boy half forgets his plays,
And on his errand oft delays,
To dream some dream of future days.

SEPTEMBER.

I come from a land of blue and gold,
And shimmering robes my form infold.
Kissed by the summer, now grown old,
Clasped by the autumn young and bold.
My days are warm and nights are cold ;
Flowers and fruits together I hold.
October comes, and my story is told,
A transient gleam of blue and gold.

OCTOBER.

I come, I come in gorgeous dress,
With bountiful gifts to cheer and bless.
I come with a smile and a soft caress,
But wherever abroad my footsteps press,
I leave, with a show of tenderness,
Though touched with gold, a blight, I confess,
And then, by way of making redress,
I shower my fruits to cheer and bless.

NOVEMBER.

Spread wide, O friends, your festal board !
I come from a land well stocked and stored,
And share with you October's hoard,
The sweetest and best the fields afford.
Call in the crowd and praise the Lord,
Let friends and neighbors be restored,
And the Giver of all in love adored ;
Come in, come in and praise the Lord.

DECEMBER.

I come at the call of the great Frost King,
Whose glistening diamonds abroad I fling;
I hold a promise better than spring,
For the greatest of blessings was mine to bring;
It made the stars and the angels sing,
And all the Universe gladly ring, —
The birth of a child — no little thing —
The birth of a Saviour — our Heavenly King.

THE HOLIDAYS, OR CHRISTMAS
CROWNED.

(Six speakers represent the Holidays, and several little ones repeat the last stanza, and crown the last of the six speakers.)

NEW YEAR.

I AM the New Year, young and gay,
I merrily shout and sing,
Let the old year go and the new one stay,
For new hopes and joys I bring.
A happy New Year, a happy New Year,
Goes round the world in a song of cheer.

EASTER.

I represent a time as glad
When flowers burst into bloom,
And Nature speaks, in verdure clad,
Of life beyond the tomb.
At Easter time, 'mid sun and showers,
The cross is hidden by the flowers.

DECORATION.

I come with all the bloom of May,
And pause in every town,
In memory of the blue and gray
To lay my trophies down.
O blossom, flowers, above each grave,
Where sweetly sleep our honored brave.

INDEPENDENCE.

I come with trump and bugle call,
And boys are in my train,
And when I cheer, the great and small
Give answer back again.
And all the land awakes to say
Hurrah! 'tis Independence Day.

THANKSGIVING.

I'm laden, friends, with the fat o' the land;
I come with joy and glee,
To re-unite each household band
Which comes to feast with me.
And dear old homes resound once more
To the song and laughter they loved of yore.

CHRISTMAS.

I come, the old story to repeat,
Of the child in the manger low;
Though old, 'tis always so welcome and sweet,
You love to hear it, I know.
For without the light the Saviour brought,
Our holidays all would be as naught.

SEVERAL LITTLE ONES WITH CROWN.

Of all the holidays of the year,
We own the Christmas best,
And hail his coming with good cheer,
Whom all the world has blest.
As King among these days renowned,
The merry Christmas shall be crowned.
(Place crown on his head.)

THE CROSS AT EASTER.

(Have a plain board cross securely fastened so it will stand firmly, and nails in it to receive the wreaths and garlands from each speaker. For convenience, trailing evergreens might be lying with ends fastened at the foot, ready for the First Speaker to wind about the cross.)

FIRST SPEAKER.

HERE we set this plain, rude cross,
Symbol of a love divine:
Of a Saviour's sacrifice,
This the outward sign.

From that sacrifice there sprang
Gifts the best the earth has known,
Fairest flowers and sweetest fruits
From the precious seed blood sown.

So about this humble symbol,
Flowers and evergreens we twine;
Giving it a triple meaning,
Love and hope and life divine.

Here I wind the trailing verdure
Which no winter time has killed ;
Emblem of the life immortal,
Which the blessed Lord hath willed.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Bring I Easter lilies white,
Blossoms for the Easter morn,
Resurrected from the night,
From the winter freshly born.

THIRD SPEAKER.

I with leaves all fresh and tender,
Wreathe the suffering cross he bore,
And in life renewed and blessed,
We remember death no more.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Mine are flowers of glowing crimson :
Of His passion may they speak,
Giving hope unto the fainting,
Giving strength unto the weak.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

Mine the flowers of Easter time,
Paschal bloom of purple hue,
Mixed the blood red on the lintel¹
With the heavens own peaceful blue.

¹ See Exodus xii. 22.

SIXTH SPEAKER.

Mine a wreath of brilliant yellow,
 Would it were a jewelled crown,
 Emblem of Christ's coronation,
 With the plaited thorns laid down.

SEVENTH SPEAKER.

Mine the offering most lovely,
 Which will speak of faith and peace,
 Heaven's own blue when storms are over,
 And all pain has found release.

ALL.

See! oh, see the plain, rude cross,
 Now a thing of life and bloom!
 Christ arisen, thus transforming
 Every place of doubt and gloom.

Let Him, then, oh friends, to-day
 In our hearts and lives arise,
 That we find the wondrous glory
 Springing from His sacrifice.

A NEW YEAR'S EXERCISE.

First Voice : A HAPPY New Year,

Second Voice : A happy New Year,

Chorus of Voices : A happy New Year.

First Voice : Why a happy New Year?

Second Voice : For the friends that are here,

Third Voice : For the hopes that appear,

Fourth Voice : For the good that is near,
Chorus of Voices : A happy New Year.

First Voice : But some friends are dead,
Second Voice : And some hopes are fled,
Third Voice : And sin lifts up its head,
Fourth Voice : And there is so much to dread ;
Chorus of Voices : Still a happy New Year.

First Voice : Why a happy New Year,
Second Voice : When hearts hold a fear,
Third Voice : And eyes shed a tear,
Fourth Voice : For faces and voices that nowhere
appear ?
Chorus of Voices : A happy New Year.

First Voice : Out from the song that the angels
sung,
Second Voice : When through the skies the sweet
chorus rung,
Third Voice : And to the glad promise the good
shepherds clung.
Fourth Voice : The echoes still fall earth's chil-
dren among.
Chorus of Voices : A happy New Year.

First Voice : Then a glad New Year
For the hopes that are here,
For the faith with good cheer,
For the love without fear ;
Chorus of Voices : A happy New Year.

Second Voice: In God's loving care,
We all have a share,
Friends here and elsewhere,
He is here, — He is there ;

Chorus of Voices: A happy New Year.

Third Voice: Though dark is the night,
And wrong hides the right,
This thought keep in sight,
With God it is light ;

Chorus of Voices: A happy New Year.

Fourth Voice: And our loved and our lost,
Who the dark river crossed,
Or in life's tempest tossed,
With God are not lost ;

Chorus of Voices: A happy New Year.

First Voice: A happy New Year,

Second Voice: A happy New Year,

Chorus of Voices: A happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS.

BRING the evergreens and holly,
Bring the music and the song,
Chase away the melancholy,
By the pleasures bright and jolly,
Which to Christmas time belong.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

First Girl: In the joyousness of this holiday,
Away from the world and its din,
We gather here from our work and play,
To welcome the New Year in.

We gather here at the pleasant call,
All: And wish a "Happy New Year" to
you all.

Second Girl: May the year begun be happy and good,
May no sorrow your hearts appall;
But glad and bright, with love's own
light,

All: A "Happy New Year" to you all.

Third Girl: May you thankful be in the broad sun-
light!
And if shadows around you fall,
May you find sweet peace in the troubled
night,

All: A "Happy New Year" to you all.

Fourth Girl: May you walk aright in the path of
light,
May no sin your steps inthrall,
That angels may say, at the last great
day,

All: "'Twas a 'Happy New Year' to you
all."

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GIRL (*calling*).

WAKE ! O wake ! and meet me, brother ;
See, the rosy dawning light
Streams across the eastern sky,
On this Christmas morning bright.

BOY (*entering*).

Do you think I'm sleeping, sister,
On this happiest morn of all ?
I have long been waiting here
For your merry Christmas call.

GIRL.

See, our stockings in the corner,
Which we left so lank and lean,
Now are full from top to toe,
Round and plump as e'er were seen.

BOY.

Yes, old Santa Claus came softly
With these gifts for you and me ;
Came and went, and never waked us ;
What a fairy sprite is he !

GIRL.

Yes, and do you never wonder
Where he stays the livelong year ?
For we never hear about him
'Till the Christmas time draws near.

BOY.

Oh, he lives in joy, my sister,
In the tender hearts of friends,
And each loving thought we cherish
With the gifts he brings us blends.
'Tis no wonder, then, dear sister,
That his coming gives us cheer,
That we hail, and give him honor,
Since 'tis love that brings him here.

GIRL.

Let us, then, no longer tarry
From the good our stockings hold;
For to give us joy, I'm certain
Love is better far than gold.

BOY.

Yes, we'll go and find, I'm thinking,
Every gift that he has brought
Is a token, rare and tender,
Of a wise and loving thought.

PART II

FOR OLDER SPEAKERS

OUR SCHOOL.

HERE the maples tall and stately,
Lift their graceful branches high,
Reach their arms to fold in sunlight,
Underneath the arching sky.

Lovely robes of softest emerald
Drape in spring their giant forms,
Growing darker, growing denser,
In the summer's suns and storms.

In September's golden footsteps
Comes a change so quick and bright;
And the leaves are all in glory
For October's fickle light.

But the change here never pauses, —
Soon the trees in colder air,
In November's grayer mornings,
Lift their pencilled branches bare.

Passing up the northward street,
Peering through the maple-trees,
Nestling in their quiet shadows,
At the right, the traveller sees

Schoolhouse white, with open doors,
Smiling, like a dear old friend;
Where the hum of youth and childhood,
With the outside breezes blend.

Walking up the shaded pathway,
Echoes come from Learning's halls,
For the germ of knowledge nestles
Here within these schoolhouse walls.

See the bright and happy faces,
Bent above the daily task ;
And be sure our prayers are answered,
For the blessing that we ask.

Turning out the men and women,
Using books, you know, for tools ;
Giving thought and tone and smoothness,
By stern Mathematic's rules:

And a deeper work is moving,
Than is seen by careless eyes,
Greater the equations solving,
Than of x 's and of y 's.

Added labor brings refinement,
And subtracting foolish thoughts,
Leaves alone the true and noble,
Cancelling the doubtful blots ;

Multiplying love and kindness,
And dividing all our cares,
Brings the problem out correctly,
And makes equal all our shares.

Philosophic laws we ponder,
Gravitation here is found,
And adhesion or cohesion,
Holds us to our daily round.

Through geography we travel,
Over countries far and near,
Measuring their distances
From our little corner here.

As in life, so in the schoolroom,
There are things that will perplex ;
And we're often analyzing
Sentences the most complex.

In our life's long analyzing,
Though the lessons hard appear,
May we have the cheerful spirit,
Which makes glad our *parsing* here.

We are writing, writing daily,
Copies for each other's hand ;
And united, we are making
Just one composition grand,

Which through life we may read over,
And recall each sunny face,
That upon the page of memory
Leaves its bright and happy trace.

In our lives may all our lessons
And our work be nobly done ;
And the prize of noble living
By each pupil here be won.

Highest mark of good deportment
May we all at last receive,
Written in the book of heaven,
When the school of earth we leave.

THE HILLSIDE COASTERS.

BRIGHTLY falls the winter sunlight,
On the fields of sparkling snow;
Clearly rings the boyish whistle,
Where the merry coasters go.

Up and down the crusted hillside,
On the clear and frosty air,
Comes the sound of laughing voices;
Boys and girls the coasting share.

Far away from busy city,
Far away from hum of town,
In the play-time as in life-work,
Toiling up, and sliding down.

Rosy cheeks and eyes all sparkling,
Joy and grace that health can give;
In their faces written brightly,
" 'Tis a blessed thing to live."

Generous hearts so warm and tender,
Beating 'neath the homely dress;
Growing minds on these free hillsides,
Future years shall know and bless.

Little hands so brown and hardy,
May work out a great reform;
Voices now so sweet and merry,
Yet may quell a nation's storm.

Where the Demon of Intemperance
Talent, truth, and love immerse,
These brown hands may toil with vigor,
And uproot the nation's curse.

'Tis to hearts so brave and tender,
Joined with frames of strength and health,
That we look in hope and gladness,
For the nation's coming wealth.

MAGGIE GRAY.

WHEN war his brazen trumpet blew,
Through all our precious land,
Brave men with purpose high and true,
Joined many a marching band ;
But woman's work, in silence done,
As grand a victory often won.

And those who never fired a shot,
Nor glistening bayonet bore,
While sons and brothers bravely fought,
Christ's shining armor wore ;
And following the battle's wrath,
Strewed heart's-ease in the bloody path.

Near Romney, on Potomac's shore,
Lived simple Maggie Gray,
With brain untroubled by book lore,
Or the questions of the day ;
But with warm heart and sturdy arm,
She helped her husband till the farm ;

And reared her children tenderly,
Teaching by word and deed
"Good will to men," that charity
Which formed her simple creed ;
And when war came, she did not know
That any man could be her foe.

But from her side her eldest son
Was forced to march away,
And henceforth till the war was done,
To all in blue or gray,
Her mother-heart was wide and warm,
To take them in and shield from harm.

From Romney's field the battle's roar
Came thundering to her ear ;
Her eyes a look of horror wore,
And her face was pale with fear ;
But 'mid all the terror and the din,
She never asked which side would win.

She only thought with bated breath,
Of the wounded and the slain ;
Of her son, perhaps e'en now in death,
Or moaning alive in pain.
And she sought the field with eager feet,
When the Southern army had made retreat.

And almost in sight of the victors' guns,
At close of that autumn day,
While she prayed for other mothers' sons,
She bore her own away,

Her loving hands his wounds to dress,
And cheer him with her fond caress.

The morning sun saw clear and bright,
Adown the dusty way,
With bayonets gleaming in the light,
Twelve men in Southern gray,
One-half of whom our Maggie knew,
And one alone in Northern blue.

They paused her open gate before,
The leader cried aloud, —
“Ho ! Maggie Gray, throw wide your door,
And feed this hungry crowd !”
And while at table they sat to eat,
They talked of plans and their late defeat.

And Maggie heard with stolid face,
As one who did not hear ;
While still she passed from place to place,
And gave them bread and beer,
She marked the Northern prisoner's air,
And judged him young and brave and fair.

He silent sat with downcast eyes,
While his captors laughed and jeered ;
He had curling locks a mother might prize,
And just the hint of a beard :
All fresh from school and his mother's arms,
With manhood's strength, and boyhood's charms.

His foes incensed by the late defeat,
Were ready to sneer and rave;
They tore his boots from off his feet,
And talked of his early grave.
They quarrelled over his watch and gun,
And told him his trials had just begun.

Then the leader said, "John Taylor, you,
With Paul Loraine for guide,
May take this Yankee wretch in blue,
To the Hardy County side,
By the way of the field and yonder wood,
For your safety lies in solitude."

He paused, and Maggie's gentle call
Was heard through an open door, —
"Come in and see my Harry, Paul,
Who marches now no more."
"Go, Paul, but short must be your stay,
For you and John must haste away."

And by the son who lay so low,
Paul heard, with marked surprise,
The mother plead for their common foe,
With tears in her loving eyes.
"Ay, Paul, you must save this Northern boy,
And send him back to his friends in joy."

But stern was the face of Paul Loraine,
His brow was knit with hate;
"Nay, Maggie Gray, you plead in vain
Against this prisoner's fate.

They hold my brother over there,
And who for him will think or care ? ”

She clasped her hands ; “ O God ! ” she cried,
“ Melt thou this heart of stone,
And make this boy a faithful guide
To this poor mother’s son :
As he in mercy deals to-day,
Be done by him and his for aye ! ”

She took his hand with tender clasp,
“ Come, Paul, your promise, say ; ”
She felt the boy’s impetuous grasp,
“ I promise, Maggie Gray.”
He brushed a tear from his handsome eye,
And turned to Harry to say good-by.

As the leader gave his last command,
“ And the men were intent to hear,
Maggie just touched the prisoner’s hand,
And whispered in his ear, —
“ Watch for a chance, and Paul Loraine
Will help you back to your friends again.”

He was quick of brain and fleet of foot,
And Paul with cunning zest
Engaged John Taylor in dispute
On who could shoot the best ;
And as they tramped through field and wood,
They tried their guns to prove them good.

Emerged upon the broad highway,
With good down-grade a mile,
Paul bade the men their footsteps stay,
And watch for game a while;
And pointing to a neighboring tree,
"Take aim!" he cried; "there, don't you see?"

And John excited for the game,
Looked only toward the wood,
And while intent on taking aim,
Their prisoner took the road.
They turned too late, as they heard the sound
Of flying feet on the hard, dry ground.

They started, shouted, fired their guns,
But safe was the boy in blue;
And who were indeed the guilty ones,
John Taylor never knew.
Not three days later Paul Loraine
Welcomed his brother home again,

Wounded and sick; but tender care
Was with him all the way —
An early answer to the prayer
Of simple Maggie Gray.
And though she never dreamed of fame,
Two women lived to bless her name.

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

I HAVE found in the wild wood, among rocks and briers and weeds, sometimes the sweetest flowers. I remember once to have been riding through a rough, hilly country, where the rocks loomed above the road, covered with a tangled growth of vines and bushes and weeds. The hot summer sun blazed over my head, and the dusty road stretched away before me, when, to my delight, I suddenly heard the silver rippling of falling water; and behold! apparently out of the rock, in this lonely place, a laughing spring, fresh and cold! I have been much with children and youth who were rough and uncouth in their ways, and often coarse and rude, and have found beneath the harsh exterior, the sweetest waters of human love, ready to flow at a kind word. I have known girls who were called gay, and frivolous, and fashionable, to show a sweet, womanly spirit, and have heard them express earnest desires for noble living. I have seen great, stout, profane men, from whom I shrank, show a tenderness like a woman's toward some little helpless child; — and I have come to look for God in everything that He has made. I know His image is sadly polluted, and that everywhere evil is mixed with the good: but I praise Him that there *is good*, and ask for a clearer vision to read it aright; — for skill to pluck the flowers and fruits, and leave the weeds and thorns; — for a heart to rejoice in waters fresh and sweet, however rough the rocks from which they flow; and for a charity sublime, that will unfold and glorify all that God may bring around me.

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER has come in her glory again,
To teach us a lesson sublime ;
To wake up the pure and good in our hearts,
By the mellowing autumn-time.

That lesson is written in letters of light,
Wherever our footsteps go ;
Be it up where the mountain stands in pride,
Or down where the waters flow.

The laughing sky bends down to kiss
The forest all aflame ;
For it finds new beauty on its brow,
Since the magical autumn came.

There was light and joy in the sunny spring,
With its robes of emerald green ;
And laughter in the halls of earth,
When the summer-time was seen.

But a holy light and a radiant glow,
Were left for the closing year,
When the varied hues of her garments rare,
Tell that decay is near.

O autumn wood, with leaves of fire,
And carpet soft and bright,
Laid out in shadowy checks and lines
By the flickering rays of light,

How oft in childhood's happy hour,
We've revelled in thy glow ;
Sole owners, in a world of light,
Where'er our feet might go.

On the carpet of crimson and brown and gold,
Just under the maple-trees,
We sat in the glow of the afternoon,
And braided the brilliant leaves.

I see to-day the laughing face
Of the playmate by my side,
Who, older than I, had a teacher's part,
My awkward hands to guide.

And when the sun went slowly down,
The shadows longer grew,
We sauntered home in our borrowed robes
Of ever-varying hue.

We laid by our wealth of crimson and gold,
Till the morrow's happy dawn ;
When, alas ! as we drew them forth to light,
Their beauty all had gone.

Just like the shining hopes we hide
Within our hearts to-day,
That wither ere to-morrow's sun,
And fade like them away.

Long years of bloom and light and life,
Stand then and now between,
Each with its wealth of autumn gold,
And summer's laughing green.

Again the leaves are turning fast,
And falling in the light ;
But they tremble down, all silently,
On Jennie's grave to-night.

They've wrapped it in their gorgeous folds,
From winter's chilling blast,
And slept beside the marble slab,
For many autumns past.

September has light, and gems of gold,
Of beauty and brilliancy rare ;
But brighter the light on the other shore,
And the gold unfading there !

THE HUSKING.

OH ! grandfather's barn was as jolly a place
As ever you saw on earth,
When its rafters and beams re-echoed again,
With the merry husker's mirth.

You may talk of the dance and the skating-rink,
The opera and the ball,
But a husking-bee in grandfather's barn
Was merrier than them all.

At one of these there gathered once,
A group of boys and girls,
With Cupid lurking in their eyes,
And mischief 'neath their curls.

Without, the harvest moon rode high,
Within, tin lanterns hung,
And lights and shadows grotesque and queer
On the laughing huskers flung.

The unhusked corn was piled in stacks,
As high as the room would hold ;
And soon some minor piles appeared,
Of bright and shining gold.

For skilful fingers pulled the husks
From off the yellow grain,
While laugh and banter went the rounds,
And echoed back again.

They were working thus, in merry glee,
When, hark ! what did I hear ?
'Twas the quick wild shout of the lucky one,
Who had found the *first red ear*.

And the answering shout which rose at once,
Throughout the old barn floor,
When Johnny Grimes, with rapid strides,
Commenced his forfeit tour.

Now, truth to tell, this Johnny Grimes,
Wherever he was seen,
Was pointed out by lad and lass,
As being very green.

Upon his face some sad mishaps
Had left most mournful scars ;
And his *gait*, the country girls declared,
Was like "a pair of bars."

He grasped the ear which told his fate,
The girls looked on in dread,
And gathered up their flowing skirts
Where Jonathan should tread.

With beaming smiles and constant bows,
Through the corn he made his way
To a corner where on a pumpkin sat
Miss laughing Jennie Gray.

She started, with a little scream,
And made a quick retreat,
And said that Johnny Grimes might have
Her pumpkin for a seat.

But no ! that ear of glistening red
Had promised something more ;
So he pursued the flying one
Around the great barn floor.

'Mid shouts and cheers the corn was crushed,
'Neath Johnny's awkward feet ;
And Jennie climbed an unhusked stack,
In making her retreat.

Of course young Grimes came clambering up,
Quite sure now of his prize ;
But an escape yet showed itself
To Jennie's watchful eyes.

She stepped upon the scaffold floor,
Above the sleeping kine ;
And Johnny for the selfsame spot,
Struck out a quick "bee-line."

But ah, the plank 'neath Johnny's feet
Was fated then to crack,
And down he came with sudden force,
Upon an old cow's back.

The cow, affrighted and surprised,
From the stanchion wrenched her head ;
And with Johnny still upon her back,
Through the stable door-way fled.

And then like Gilpin famed of old,
With coat-tails out behind,
At frightful speed the young man rode,
And thrice the barn-yard lined.

The old barn rang with screams of mirth
From those on the floor inside ;
And all considered naught so rich
As Johnny's cow-back ride.

And in that town e'en to this day,
The story may you hear,
How Johnny Grimes his forfeit paid,
For finding that red ear.

RING FREEDOM'S BELLS.

RING, Freedom's bells, across all lands!
Ring, happy bells, from shore to shore!
Until your echoes from far strands
Come back to us once more.
Ring out a blood-bought country's worth;
O joyful bells, ring high, ring low!
To celebrate a nation's birth
So many years ago.

Ring loudly for the thirteen States
That joined their hardy hands of old;
And let the story of their brave,
In stirring peals be told.
But for their heroes slain, oh! knell
A tender dirge so soft and low —
A nation's grief for those who fell
So many years ago.

Give forth a peal of richest sound,
O music bells from silver throats;
Let it on every breeze resound,
Where Freedom's banner floats.
A peal, Potomac's wave upon,
Whose echo down the stream shall flow,
For Washington, who led us on,
So many years ago.

Ring, sweetly, softly, O ye bells!
For later slain in blue and gray;
Their valor tender memory tells,
The rest is washed away.

Ring saddest notes for Lincoln, dead,
Freedom's true friend, and slavery's foe ;
Grand hero, brave as all who bled
So many years ago.

Ring peaceful days that shall succeed !
Ring honor to the toiling brain,
Or sturdy hands that sow the seed,
And reap the golden grain !
The hosts that gladder fields have won,
And still up Freedom's heights shall go,
Till finished is the work begun
So many years ago.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

OH ! little rough and ragged boys,
That shout along the street,
With hats and jackets picturesque,
And bare and dirty feet.

We estimate their hearts by looks,
And think them crusted o'er ;
And sigh for heathen to be taught
Almost beside our door.

But wait and here a lesson learn
From boys so rough and rude ;
And own that half we criticise,
We never understood.

Walk down the dark and narrow lane,
Where daily to and fro,
These ragged urchins of our scorn,
With shout and laughter go.

Oh ! homes, where crowd the hungry poor !
Oh ! homes of want and sin !
Through paneless windows staring wide ;
Our aching eyes look in.

By one there lies, oh ! tender sight,
A flower amid the weeds,
A fair, sweet face, a frail young form,
That every luxury needs.

O country breezes ! come and fan
This little feverish face ;
O sweetest flowers from gardens fair !
Perfume this poisoned place.

O sunny sky beyond the smoke !
Illume this little bed.
O tropic trees ! for these hot lips
Your luscious trophies shed.

Vain prayers ! those yearning, hungry eyes,
Look only on dark walls ;
And only coarsest food can come,
In answer to our calls.

A merry shout, and then a lull
Of voices used to noise ;
What is it brightens up her face ?
She whispers, "'Tis my boys."

A dirty hand goes through the sash,
And in the fingers white,
Is left an orange, large and round —
The boy is out of sight.

Another leaves a bunch of flowers
His meagre earnings bought ;
And others, still, some little gifts
Of beauty, use, and thought.

Dear flowers and fruits that bring sweet hints
Of summer's azure skies ;
Of waters cool, and pastures green,
Where golden sunshine lies !

The grimy hands through which they come
Are watched for every day ;
They linger for the "Thank yōu, dear,"
Then quickly glide away.

One day they came, but one by one,
And missed in the old place
The charm that drew their boyish steps,
The watchful, fair young face.

And drawing nearer, peered about
The scanty little room ;
And saw their friend of yesterday
Encoffined for the tomb.

Upon the coffin rude and dark,
A bunch of faded flowers
Told that some gift of theirs she held,
To cheer her dying hours.

A kindly friend, on sunburned cheek
Of dirty lad espied
A tear that rolling sadly down,
Left furrows long and wide.

And thinking hungry he might be,
"Why cry you, boy?" he said;
Was answered in a sobbing voice,
"Our Gertie, sir, is dead."

No mourning train proclaimed the news,
With pomp and splendor led;
But hearts as warm, 'neath dirty vests,
Wept for their "Gertie" dead.

SEED-TIME.

THE glad seed-time has come again,
The earth is bathed in light;
And all her scenes on every hand,
Are beautiful and bright.

The sky seems of a softer blue
Than was in winter seen;
And Nature smiles in lovely robes
Of fair and tender green.

There's beauty both in sound and sight,
The singing birds and flowers;
And in the holy loveliness
Of spring-time's twilight hours.

The laughter of the children gay,
The farmer's whistled tune,
The merry twitter of the birds,
Proclaim the coming June.

The garden plats and harrowed fields
Receive their store of grain ;
And surely as the spring is here,
Harvest will come again.

'Tis now the seed-time of our lives,
The bright and sunny May ;
And we must reap in future years,
What here we sow to-day.

Within the garden of our hearts,
We'll plant the useful seeds,
And careful be in early life,
To check the growing weeds.

For if aright we truly sow
In youth's sweet golden spring,
The autumn years of after life
Ripe hopes and joys will bring.

Oh ! let us then a lesson learn,
And heed the spring-time call ;
Remembering harvest never fails,
And " God rules over all."

CLOSING ADDRESS.

KIND friends who have listened to our efforts to-day, I thank you in the name of the whole school for your presence and your attention. We hope we have not disappointed you. With many of us it has been our first attempt at public speaking. Long ago, a boy declaimed—before much such an audience, I dare say, as this—who said: “Tall oaks from little acorns grow;” and it is just as true to-day as then. We are fitting ourselves, little by little, to fill the places of the men and women of to-day. Years hence, you may hear from us mingling with the great world, helping forward in one way and another, life’s good work.

Teacher, we thank you for all your kind endeavors to do us good. May your good wishes for us be all fulfilled in years to come.

Schoolmates, we part companionship to-day to go to our several homes, our various amusements, and our separate work. We part friends, and carry with us pleasant memories of the happy faces here. May our future lives be as useful as our term has been pleasant. And may the world, the great school in which we are all scholars, find us faithful in all the good lessons we have to learn;—in short, may we make our lives a grand success, and be admitted to a higher school in the life to come.

And now, friends all, with thanks for the past, and good wishes for the future, it is mine to say good-by.

THE MILKMAID.

(Æsop's fable versified.)

THE milkmaid, a rosy, buxom lass,
Brushed the dew from the sparkling grass;
With the milk-pail light on her curly head,
As she took the path to the milking-shed.

“Co’ boss, co’ boss,” sang her musical voice;
It made the old cow look up and rejoice,
As she chewed her cud by the old farm-gate,
Where she had come to patiently wait.

The plump hand patted her ruddy coat,
And over the hills did the echoes float,
As a bird on the fence, on the topmost rail,
Sang to the milk as it streamed in the pail.

The sun came up in the eastern skies,
And brightened the scene with a glad surprise;
The maiden poised a full pail on her head,
And talked, — and thus to herself she said,
As she daintily stepped in the path once more,
That led from the yard to the dairy-door:

“The money for which this milk shall be sold,
Shall yield me, at last, a fortune in gold;
Three hundred eggs, at first, I’ll buy,
And then, allowing for fifty thrown by,
I’ll have nice chickens enough to sell,
To bring me the sum of, — I can’t quite tell;

But surely enough to buy a gown,
Such as no maid e'er wore in town.
In this I'll go to the Christmas levee,
Where all the young men will propose to me ;
But country beaux will find I am cross,
For I shall refuse with a scornful toss."
And her graceful head its burden forgot,
She gave it a jerk, and her dream was naught ;
In the snowy stream, on the dewy ground,
Neither money, nor eggs, nor dress could be found.

The cow lowed loud by the farmyard gate ;
The farm-dog barked at a fearful rate ;
The bird sang clear on the topmost rail,
And the maiden gazed on her empty pail,
And said, as the kitchen door she latched,
"Count not your chickens before they are hatched."

SYMPATHY.

It is that within the heart which causes the eye to brighten, or grow dim with tears, at another's joy or sorrow. It is that feeling which forms and unites the links of friendship abroad, and strengthens the ties of relationship at home. It prompts to forgetfulness of self, and sends forth a glow of light and beauty that is reflected back with twofold brilliancy. It lights up the face with a radiant glow of gladness, in the circle of joy, and softens that glow to a holier light where the tears of affliction are falling.

It guarded our infancy, strewed flowers along the
paths of our childhood, and brightens the glowing sky

of our youth. It lays its purest offerings on the family altar; and nowhere does it find a language more eloquent than in a mother's tear. It unites hearts among strangers, and even casts its spell around hearts beating to its sacred melody, where oceans lie between, though hands have never clasped, and eyes have never met. It lights up the face of the dying, and leaves its holy influence in characters of living light on the hearts of the loved and left.

Life has no joy without it, for it is the great well-spring of happiness, supplying with pure waters the glorious fountain of love; its origin is He who was meek and lowly on earth, but who reigns all glorious in Heaven.

CHANGE.

It is written on the fly-leaf of Nature's volume, in letters that *never* change, and throughout the vast work we find it repeated on every page.

Life's history is made up of its repetition in different forms; however the language may be clothed, and however extended the history may be, we may read it through, and express the substance of the whole by this one brief word. There is nothing in human affairs with which it does not interfere. From the earliest time, when our first parents stood together in Eden, it has mingled with every thought, and moved in every action. It has stamped the pictures of the past, and given them a tender interest, which immutability could not give; and it is to-day working its mission unheeded and in silence. Indeed, time

and change are inseparable, if not the same; they walk the earth together, and were associated long before "the Lord divided land from water, and set a bound to the sea, that it might not pass over."

The work of change is sad where it clasps white hands, and closes sunny eyes, and stamps marble brows and loving lips with the silent seal of death. It is sadder where it reaches the loving heart and turns it cold; where it scatters the affections, and carries from these scattered fragments a weapon to a brother heart that shall wound hope, and awaken distrust where it might ever have slept. And it is saddest where it transforms innocence, and light, and life, to crime, and darkness, and doom.

It works in brightness and beauty in bringing new objects of love, and nobler and higher aspirations to the heart; and nowhere has it wrought more glory than in its last work for the victorious Christian, when it opens the golden gate of eternity, and bids him farewell on the shores of Time.

WHERE BROOK AND RIVER MEET.

FIRST GIRL.

SISTER, our happy childhood has passed;

We have laughed the hours away;

Let us be calm and serious now,

As we look upon life to-day.

Our childhood has passed; we enter now

The radiant season of youth:

Shall we be foolish and giddy still?

Or seek for the living truth?

SECOND GIRL.

Our childhood was as a brooklet gay,
Whose waters, pure and bright,
Go laughing and murmuring on their way,
All sparkling in the light.
Our womanhood, like a river broad,
Is flowing on before,
To meet the ever-silent sea,
That washes the Golden Shore.

FIRST GIRL.

Then, sister, are we standing now,
With our gay, reluctant feet,
On that sunny spot in our bright young lives,
Where the brook and river meet?
Well may we now the question ask,
What our womanhood shall be,
And how our barks shall glide along,
Till they float into the sea.

SECOND GIRL.

Shall they go drifting, drifting on,
And reckless shall we be,
Till at last they bear us, unprepared,
To the ever-silent sea?
Oh! no! we'll guide these slender barks,
With ever-watchful care,
Past all the dangers on the way,
Till we enter safely there.

FIRST GIRL.

But you forget that we are weak,
And the river deep and broad;
How can we hold the helm so well
As to reach the throne of God?
Oh! let us choose a pilot now,
For Jesus stands to-day
With hand outstretched to guide our bark
Along its unknown way.

BOTH.

We'll then sail on, while the helm He holds,
From now till our eyes grow dim;
Let us show the world by faithful lives,
That we have learned of Him.
Then the ripples that break as we sail along,
All bright with joy will be;
And a glorious light will break around,
When we enter the silent sea.

THE OFFERING.

KATIE.

DEAR Lina, if you had been told, —
And such a thing could be, —
The dear Lord Jesus would come back
His Sabbath schools to see;
And would be present here to-day,
As when He walked on earth,
What would you bring to offer Him
Of beauty and of worth?

LINA.

Oh ! loveliest flowers from gardens fair,
In garlands woven bright,
I'd scatter for His blessed feet,
And give Him with delight.
The brow that wore the crown of thorns,
My lovely wreath should wear ;
And He who bore the heavy cross,
A flowery one should bear.

KATIE.

A lovely thought : and yet, dear friend,
Than these fading gifts of love,
Think you He has not fairer flowers
About His home above ?
And would not offerings be more meet,
That fade not soon away,
Than crowns and crosses, pure and sweet,
That wither in a day ?

LINA.

Then I would bring if I were rich,
Offerings like those of old
The wise men brought to honor Him, —
Frankincense, myrrh and gold.
And diamonds should adorn His crown,
If I but had the power ;
And each should be more beautiful
Than any fading flower.

KATIE.

But gifts like these you could not bring,
Besides, the crown He wears
Is richer than the choicest gems
Our little planet bears.
So, Lina, let your offerings
Be such as you could bring ;
And choose the choicest you can find,
To give our Saviour King.

LINA.

Well, then, I'd bring Him music sweet,
My dearest songs I'd sing.
And make the walls re-echo, too,
With the praises I would bring.

KATIE.

Ah ! here your gift is chosen well,
For in the olden days
'Twas "from mouths of little ones
The Lord ordaineth praise."
And yet, how could we hope to make
Music for Heavenly ears,
That listen to the angel choirs,
And music of the spheres ?

LINA.

Then I would give to Him my work,
And spread a table fine ;
How blest would be my daily food,
If He with me would dine.

KATIE.

A Martha, then, with work and care,
A mission worthy and meet,
Yet, she who chose the better part;
Sat listening at Christ's feet.

LINA.

Oh! yes, like Mary, I would give
The blessed Lord my heart;
And hear His sweet voice say that I
Had "chosen the better part."

KATIE.

That we may do this joyous day,
Though we see not His blessed face,
As we praises sing, and flowers bring,
In this beautiful, happy place.

BOTH (*say or sing*).

Oh! yes, dear Lord, accept our hearts,
And make them clean for Thee;
For blessed are the pure in heart,
Since they Thy face shall see.
As now we walk Thy pleasant paths,
Give us the faith serene,
That leads unto Thy waters still,
And pastures ever green.
Help us to thus acknowledge Thee,
In all Thy blessed ways,
That through our humble little lives
Thou may'st ordain Thy praise.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

(For Two Girls.)

JOSIE.

HAVE you seen the new-come beauty,
With her wonderful fair face,
Whom every one is praising
For her elegance and grace?

NANCIE.

No, indeed, I have not seen her,
And I wonder how she looks;
If her face and form are perfect,
Like the belles we find in books;
Or if there is something deeper
Than a sweet, artistic face, —
I have read there is a beauty
Which shines out from inward grace.

JOSIE.

What, dear Nancie, is your notion
Of a woman truly fair?
Paint to me your mind's ideal
Of a creature bright and rare.
I would fancy a complexion
Of the purest pink and white,
Wavy hair of shining softness,
And clear eyes of wondrous light,

Of a color half deceitful,
 'Twixt the hazel, gray and blue ;
And a form whose every motion
 'Tis a glad delight to view.

NANCIE.

Yes, a lovely, bright complexion,
 Graceful form, and sparkling eyes,
Are rich blessings to a woman,
 Which we can but highly prize ;
But they are like spring-time flowers
 That will fade with summer's heat ;
So, in my ideal woman,
 I would seek a charm more sweet.
She should have such taste and culture,
 As no time could e'er efface ;
And her heart should add fresh beauties,
 With each wrinkle to her face.

JOSIE.

Then you'd never mind the coarseness
 Of the features and the hair ;
Of the eyes, if dull or sparkling,
 You would little think and care ?

NANCIE.

Oh ! a mind pure, high, and noble,
 Has a great refining force ;
And the face that's modelled by it,
 Never can be rough and coarse.

And the eyes cannot lack brightness,
For through them the soul will shine,
Of a noble, earnest woman
Reaching up to the Divine.

JOSIE.

Oh ! your picture is so noble,
Mine must far beneath it fall.
It is strange this high-souled beauty
Is not sought and found by all.

NANCIE.

'Tis the labor of a lifetime,
I have read ; and yet it pays ;
For it gives to life a meaning,
Through its ever-changing ways.

BOTH.

Let us, then, accept this life-work ;
Cultivate the mind and heart ;
That each day an added beauty
To our features may impart.
And in all our earnest labor
Fashion all our ways and looks,
After Him whose life is written
In the blessed Book of books ;
That our beauty, never fading,
No disease nor time can dim,
Rising upward, growing lovely,
Till we wear our crowns with Him.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE POETS.

Lucy: O girls, have you made your selections, yet? I have studied since Monday, trying to find the best thing from the best author. You know we are to recite them to-morrow afternoon.

Clara: Yes: I have chosen from Longfellow, the good old poem so familiar to us all, "The Psalm of Life." I always liked it. These two stanzas contain the thought I most love, —

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

Helen: I have chosen from sweet Alice Cary her "Invalid's Plea," because I love her, and because, too, I have seen the very view she saw when she wrote this poem. It is in Derby, Vermont. The bay window where she sat to write looked almost sacred to me.

"O Summer, my beautiful, beautiful, Summer,
I look in thy face, and I long so to live."

Sweet poetess! wasn't it sad that she did not live to see another summer?

Mabel: Yes, Helen, too sad for me to think of. I have chosen from Phœbe Cary. Not what you would have chosen, I know, "Nearer Home" or "Seeing the Invisible;" but the parody on Maud Muller, beginning, —

"Kate Ketchum, on a winter's night,
Went to a party, dressed in white."

What can be truer than this, —

"Of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is : knowing you're taken in."

Mary: I find nothing like what our dear Whittier gives us, and have chosen "God's Mercy." Aunt Martha loves it so much, and repeats it so often, I can render it much better than one I have never heard another recite. Auntie repeats things in such a lovely way, too. She says this poem is a great comfort to her. When we are any of us borrowing trouble, you should hear her say, —

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies."

Or, —

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Emma: I have chosen another of Aunt Martha's favorites. Like Sister Mary, I like everything auntie loves. Mine is Celia Thaxter's "Courage." Hear this stanza, —

"Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay,
A thousand times more good than I deserve,
God gives me every day."

Belle: That's good. I am afraid Miss Willey will think mine strange for a young lady; but I like spicily things, and have learned some stanzas descriptive of pride, in "Proud Miss McBride," by John G. Saxe. Here is the moral, —

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud and turn up your nose,
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
That all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to mortification."

Anna: That's jolly; and mine is from Will Carlton, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse." I can say it just like an old woman. Hear me (*in a cracked voice*):

"Over the hill to the poorhouse, I'm trudging my
weary way,
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray;
I, who am smart and chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old."

(*The girls laugh.*)

Dora : I have learned Bryant's "Thanatopsis." It is a favorite with papa, and he wished me to learn it. Do you know it was written when Bryant was only eighteen ? It is wonderful. The last of it is, —

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Fannie : I just took the "Song of the Suds," from Miss Alcott's "Little Women." You know Jo sent it to her father. Mother says I am just fit for a good little housewife, and that would do for me ; and so, —

"Queen of my tub I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high ;
And sturdily wash, and rinse, and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry ;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing
Under the sunny sky."

Grace : I have chosen, from Lowell, a nice little thing on "Longing." The last is best, —

"Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moment when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons.

That some slight good is always wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action."

Ethel : My choice is of *doing*, rather than *longing* ;
of *action*, rather than *feeling*. It is from Holland, —

"I hold the thing to be grandly true
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view."

Lucy : Well, you have all decided, and among the
hundreds left out is Dr. Holmes, and I will go to him
for my selection, —

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way ?
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — Ah ! but stay,
I'll tell you what happened " —

to-morrow afternoon.

Clara : Good ! Next time we are to choose from
English poets, you know.

Mabel : I like it ; don't you, Emma ?

Emma : Oh ! yes. (*Bell rings.*) There's the bell !
we must go. (*Exeunt.*)

A CHARADE.

INNOCENT.

SCENE I. — *In. — (Drawing-room of a boarding-house ; present, MRS. LEE, the boarding mistress, and MR. ERWIN, a boarder.)*

Mr. Erwin : Mrs. Lee, something is wrong in your estimable establishment. I keep losing little articles, such as neckties, collars, handkerchiefs, etc., which lie in the bureau drawer.

Mrs. Lee (in surprise) : Why, Mr. Erwin, I am surprised ! I never had such a charge before. Are you not mistaken about leaving them *in* the bureau ?

Mr. E. : No, ma'am. I waited long without speaking of it, hoping to get a clew myself to the mystery, and save you the disagreeable knowledge that some member of your house is not reliable. Yesterday I put a dollar bill and some hard change in the drawer — *in* the drawer, ma'am. The bill was gone, but the silver money was left ; and what seemed strangest of all, the things lost have disappeared in the night, and often when the drawer is locked.

Mrs. L. : Impossible ! *In* the drawer, and the drawer locked ! No servant of mine has keys to the boarders' bureaus, sir.

Mr. E. : Very likely, ma'am, not to your knowledge ; yet some one has means of taking things from them, and leaving the bureau locked. For several days I have placed things in the bureau purposely to see the result.

Mrs. L. : And you have heard no one in your room in the night ?

Mr. E. : No, — yes — Now I think of it, when I first came here, I did hear noises in the vicinity of the bureau ; but thought they were in the next room, and gave them no reflection. I am a sound sleeper, and of late hear nothing.

Mrs. L. : I know of no one who has aught to do in your room, except Rosa, the chambermaid, and I have ever had perfect confidence in her, and no one has ever suspected her before. However, I will make inquiries, and learn, if possible, the mystery of your losses.

Mr. E. : Thank you, ma'am. I hope it will be cleared up, for the reputation of your house, as well as my own convenience. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. — (*No —. Same room. MRS. L. alone. — Rings bell. — Servant appears.*)

Mrs. L. : Jane, send Rosa to me at once. (*JANE bows and retires.*) Strange ! The girl has been with me from childhood, and the most trusty of all my girls. I have not the face to accuse her of theft. If she is innocent, as I still believe her to be, she would be heart-broken to have me suspect her. (*Enter Rosa.*) Be seated, Rosa. I have a little puzzling question to settle with you, if you can give any light on the subject.

Rosa : Yes, ma'am, I'm ready to listen.

Mrs. L. : Do you know that any one in the house has the key to any of the chambers, except their occupants and yourself ?

Rosa : No, ma'am, I am sure they have not.

Mrs. L. : Have you, or any one else, keys to the boarders' bureaus ?

Rosa : No, ma'am.

Mrs. L. : Is there any one in the house you would suspect of entering one's room by stealth for any purpose ?

Rosa : No, indeed. I have confidence in every person you employ, ma'am.

Mrs. L. : But Mr. Erwin, who occupies the north-east chamber, next your own on one side, and to the guest chamber, which is vacant, on the other, says some one has certainly been in his room, and that, too, in the night; he knew by the way he found things in the morning.

Rosa : No! He cannot mean it. Who would have any wish to enter his room? I cannot see. Some sleep-walker, perhaps.

Mrs. L. : Do you know any one here who is a somnambulist ?

Rosa : No, ma'am; but what would a wide-awake, sane person, like those you employ, want in his room, I'd like to know.

Mrs. L. (aside) : It is plain she knows nothing about it. (*To ROSA.*) It is a great mystery. You can go. I will talk with him, and see you again. Don't say a word of this to any one.

Rosa : No, ma'am, I'll not say a word. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III. — *Cent.* — (*Same room. Enter MRS. L. and ROSA.*)

Mrs. L. : Rosa, from a child I have trusted you, and it grieves me beyond words to be obliged to tell you

to-day, that everything concerning the mystery in Mr. Erwin's room points to you as the guilty one.

Rosa (raising both hands) : To me ! Oh, Mrs. Lee !

Mrs. L. : He has lost handkerchiefs, neckties, collars, and even money, and with the drawer locked, too.

Rosa : Oh that you should believe this of me, who was never guilty of taking a cent in my whole life ! Oh that I should have lived to see this day ! (*Sobbing.*) Why, Mrs. Lee, I have no key to his bureau, and have never touched one thing of his ; indeed, indeed, I have not, Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. L. : How gladly would I believe this, Rosa ! If, as you say, you have never taken a cent from any one, and have never been to Mr. Erwin's things at all, you will not object to having your trunks and wardrobe searched ?

Rosa (still crying) : No, ma'am. You'll not find a cent nor a cent's worth of anybody's property with my things. You may look. But I'd like to know why he thought it was I.

Mrs. L. : Why, no one else goes to his room. Your own is next to his, and he heard a noise on that side several times when he first came, but thought it was in your room, not in his. Now he thinks you were preparing for the work, since done, in some way.

Rosa : And he says I took money — and — and —

Mrs. L. : Yes, a bill, but no hard money, though both were together in the drawer.

Rosa (brightening) : He heard the noise in the night. — Please, Mrs. Lee, take anything of mine you wish to search under your care ; but please wait until

to-morrow before you search them, and, if I don't clear the mystery then, you may search me and mine. I shall not leave the house. Will you trust me thus far, Mrs. Lee?

Mrs. L. : Rosa, the reputation of my house depends on this thing being explained. I have been a friend to you ; would you deceive and harm me now ?

Rosa : Oh, Mrs. Lee, that you should doubt me ! I think I have a clew to the real thief, and if you will give me a chance, I will prove my innocence. If you think best, search me first and receive my proof afterwards ; but, I repeat it, not a cent or a cent's worth of anybody's property have I ever had dishonestly.

Mrs. L. : You may go. I will try you. (*Exit ROSA.*) I do not believe her guilty, but I will watch her closely to-day, and wait for to-morrow's developments.

SCENE IV. — *Innocent.* — (*Same room. Time : in the night.*

Enter MR. ERWIN in dressing-gown and slippers, light in hand, hair uncombed, very much excited ; rings the bell nervously, walks the floor until servant enters, negligently dressed, rubbing eyes, half awake.)

Mr. E. : Send your mistress.

Servant : Yes, sir. (*Exit.*) (*MR. E. continues his walk until MRS. L. appears in wrapper, hair in curl-papers, etc.)*

Mr. E. : This, ma'am, will not do ; there is foul play, or this house is haunted.

Mrs. L. (in alarm) : What do you mean ? Any new developments ?

Mr. E. : The most terrible noise about the bureau, ma'am, with cries of distress — and — and — well,

before I was fairly awake I bounded to the floor, and lit my lamp. All was still, and not a thing could I see. I cannot stay here another night, indeed I cannot. (*Enter ROSA.*)

Rosa : What is the matter ?

Mrs. L. : Rosa, have you heard anything to-night ?

Rosa : Yes, ma'am. I was awakened like Mr. Erwin, and with your permission, I will go to his room and learn the cause, and bring you word.

Mr. E. : I should believe her a witch if it were in the days of witchcraft. If she is guilty, this is a pretext to get away.

Mrs. L. : Go, Rosa, and return in ten minutes, or I shall send for you. (*Exit ROSA.*) Be seated, Mr. Erwin; calm yourself; the girl appears neither frightened nor guilty. It is very strange; the like never happened with me before, never.

Mr. E. (*dropping into a chair and wiping the perspiration from his face*) : Marvellous, indeed ! And I was told that this was the best boarding-house in town. I would not be frightened so again for half my fortune ; indeed, I would not.

Mrs. L. : I am sorry, very sorry this has happened. I shall be the greater sufferer if no explanation is found.

(*Enter ROSA, holding a big rat by the tail, or in a trap.*)

Rosa : Here is the guilty one, and I am proved innocent.

Mrs. L. and Mr. E. : A rat ! A rat !

Mrs. L. : How did you catch him ?

Rosa : I set a trap for him yesterday in the niche

behind the bureau in Mr. Erwin's room. After our talk, ma'am, I remembered hearing rats in the ceiling, and having heard that they would steal things, sometimes, I went to the room and hauled out the bureau ; and I found this — and this — (*holding up tattered handkerchiefs*) half-way out of sight in a rat-hole in the wall. I also found a hole gnawed into the back of the bureau, and communicating with the drawers. I set a trap to make the matter sure, and prove to you that I was innocent.

Mrs. L. : I believed you were innocent all the time.

Mr. E. : Thank you, Rosa, for finding the matter out. (*To Mrs. L.*) I will remain with you, if you will have the rat-hole in my room mended, and get a good cat.

Mrs. L. : That shall be attended to, to-morrow, and, in the future, when circumstances are against any one, I will remember how Rosa was proved innocent.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

WARSAW. — IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE I. — *War.* — (*A youth in overalls and frock, rehearsing a declamation before a mirror. Pushes back hair, and strikes an attitude.*)

Youth : The war is inevitable, the war is inevitable, the war is INEVITABLE. (*Appears dissatisfied, and begins again.*) The war is inevitable, the war —

Old gentleman (rushing in and taking him by the collar) : Yes, war is inevitable, young man, if you don't stick to that woodpile. (*Hurries him out.*)

SCENE II. — *Saw.* — (*The same boy sawing wood.*)

A CHARADE.

INTRICATE.

SCENE I. — *In (Inn).* — (*The bar-room of a country inn. Several men lounging about the room. Characters: COLONEL HAWLEY, JIM RATHBURN, MILO MITCHEL, LOUIS AMES, and others. Colored servant, REUBEN.*)

Col. H.: Well, boys, here we are weatherbound. How many of you ever read Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn"?

Ames: I read it long ago. Do you propose that we repeat the programme to pass away the evening? If so, let's have something warming, first. Ah, excuse me, colonel, I forgot for the moment that you are a temperance man.

Col. H.: No, no, Ames (*MITCHEL going toward the bar*), no, no, Mitchel, let it alone for to-night, and let us talk with clear heads, and each tell a story.

Mitchel: What kind of a story? A temperance story? That's your kind, I reckon.

Col. H.: Yes, if you please. At any rate, a story without rum in our heads.

Mitchel: I'm pretty thirsty, but will try it for an hour or so, if Jim here can.

Rathburn: Where's Charlie, Reub? I reckon he's living a temperance story.

Reuben: No, sah! none ob yer sarse about Massa Charlie; he's no worse nor any of you.

Rathburn: Only that he can't get his liquor at this inn, but has to go over to Blakeley's at the Corner.

Col. H.: What's that, Jim? is it true that Charlie Ward has fallen?

Rathburn: He hasn't seen his father sell liquor to these wretches about here all his life, and not got a taste for it himself, I assure you. But the old gentleman doesn't relish his son's being a drunkard, and I hear is very angry that he should like the vile stuff.

Ames: They say that old Ward has gone over to Blakeley's inn, in the storm to-night, after Charlie. Is that so, Reub?

Reuben (showing irritation): Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 't isn't. S'pose Massa Ward knows his own business.

Col. H.: Reuben is faithful to his employers: you can't get much out of him. Now for our stories. Who shall begin?

Ames: You, by all means, colonel. Give us some camp yarn worth hearing. You can do it.

Mitchel: Then Ames shall follow with some college scrape.

(All settle themselves in easy position to listen, and curtain falls.)

SCENE II. — *Tri (Try)*. — *(Three young ladies sitting together, looking very sad: KATE and LAURA WARD, sisters; LUCY LONG, a friend.)*

Kate: How long Annie is gone! I wonder what keeps her. I thought mother went to her room long ago.

Lucy: Oh what a storm! Do you suppose Charlie is out in this?

Laura: I don't know. I wish he'd known you were coming. I believe he would have staid at home.

Lucy (shyly): I presume that wouldn't have made any difference.

Kate: There, Annie is coming! (*Rises to meet her. Enter ANNIE, a child of twelve or thirteen years, in tears.*) What is it, Annie?

Annie: O Kate! O girls! mamma is crying in her room, and papa is very angry, and says he will disown Charlie. He found him at Blakeley's, and they had some words, and pa came home without him.

Laura: Well, good enough for Charlie. I don't blame papa at all.

Lucy (hiding her face): Poor Charlie.

Kate: This will never do. I shall go to the Corner for Charlie myself, and try to get him home.

Laura: You are crazy, Kate. Do you hear the storm?

Kate: No, Laura, I am not crazy, and I shall do it. Do you think I can give up Charlie like this, and not *try* to save him? Annie, go tell Reuben to saddle old Fleetfoot, and take him to the front gate. (*Exit ANNIE.*) Laura, hand me my waterproof from the closet, while I put on my over-shoes. (*Exit LAURA.*) Lucy, dear, pray for us, and don't give up Charlie. (*Re-enter LAURA, with waterproof, which KATE proceeds to don.*)

Laura: You will not try to take the bridle-path across, and Reuben will go with you.

Kate: I shall go alone, but not across. On Fleetfoot the highway will be safe, and I might lose my way in the bridle-path over by the mill.

Laura: But why not take Reuben?

Kate: His absence would be noticed at once, and

besides, Charlie would be less likely to come home with me if I had some one with me. He will not let me come back alone.

Lucy: That's so. (*Enter ANNIE.*)

Annie: Reuben is ready, and will go with you.

Kate: Thanks to Reuben, but I go alone. Now, girls, you must not let father nor mother know I am gone, and don't worry, nor sit up for me. I am not afraid, and I believe I shall not try in vain to save my poor brother; but better *try* and fail, than sit down and let him go. Good-night. (*Exit KATE.*)

Lucy: Dear, brave Kate. She will succeed. She cannot fail.

Laura: With Kate, to think and to do are one. I should never have undertaken such a thing; but she will try anything she thinks will do any good, regardless of every opposing thing.

Annie: Charlie will mind Kate better than he will father, he loves her so much. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE III. — *Cate (Kate).* — (*Bar-room at Blakeley's inn.*

Several loungers about the room. CHARLIE WARD at the bar. COL. H. with hat closely drawn over his face, and collar turned high, standing near the door.)

Charlie: I say — hic — give us another — hic, — old fellow. The old man'll find — hic — he can't scare me. (*BARTENDER pours out a glass; COL. H. steps forward as if to interfere, when KATE rushes in with waterproof cloak and hood closely drawn, and grasps her brother's arm.*)

Kate: O Charlie, Charlie! Don't you touch it. You are going home with me.

Charlie: Why, Kate! Is it Kate?

Kate: Yes, Charlie, it is Kate, and you will not let me go home alone?

Charlie (reels): No, no, sis — hic, — but you silly girl — hic — what you here for? (*He turns to move away and falls. KATE wrings her hands, and COL. H. comes forward.*)

Col. H. (bowing to KATE, and removing his hat): Miss Kate, allow me, if possible, to be of service to you.

Kate (in surprise): O Colonel Hawley! is it you? I thought you were at father's to-night, and I find you here.

Col. H. (in a low tone): I was an unintentional listener to little Annie's message to Reuben; and, fearing what you might encounter here, took the liberty to come by the bridle-path, thus preceding you. Now I will procure a carriage, and take your brother home, if you are willing.

Kate: How kind of you! If you only will! Do you think he will be long in this condition? I don't like to take him to father like this.

Col. H.: I think he will be better soon, and the air and rain will help him. But you! are you not wet and chilled, riding in the storm? I will stay here with Charlie while you go into the parlor and get warm and dry.

Kate: Oh, no, I am all right. (*Shivers.*)

Col. H.: No, you are not. You are cold now. I insist on your going to the fire, and all the time Charlie will be getting better, you know. (*Conducts her to the door. Exit KATE.*)

A loungee : A plucky girl that !

Another : The old man couldn't get Charlie, but guess you and the girl will fetch him, colonel.

Another : If I had such a sister as that, I'd be a different fellow. (*Curtain.*)

SCENE IV. — *Intricate.* — (*Room at Ward's Hotel, dimly lighted. Time, night. Enter REUBEN, the colored servant.*)

Reuben : Fire all right, light all right. Strange dey don't come. P'raps I did wrong not to tell Massa Ward, and prevent Miss Kate's goin'. O Lor', how dark it is ! But old Fleetfoot is safe and sure !

(*Enter LAURA and LUCY in wrappers and slippers.*)

Laura : O Reuben, do go after Kate. I am sure she is lost in the dark, or something dreadful has happened. But she *would* go !

Lucy (crying) : Yes, Reuben, do go. (*Enter MR. WARD in dressing-gown and slippers.*)

Mr. Ward : What's going on here ? What are you all up for ?

Laura : O father, — don't be angry — but — Charlie —

Mr. W. (frowning) : Charlie will not be home to-night. Go back to bed, child, and let us have quiet. And you, too, Reuben, what called you into this part of the house at this hour ?

Reuben : Well, de fact is, Massa Ward, de fact is — dat is — it seems to be — well — let me explain to you, Massa, a bit, and mebbe you'll say to me "Reuben, you jes' pack up your duds and leave dese premises," or mebbe you'll say, "Lor', what pluck dat girl has," and conclude to let old Reuben stay.

Mr. W.: Why, man, are you crazy?

Reuben: 'Pears to me I be mos' — but de fact is —

Laura: O father! Reuben is not to blame — but —
Charlie — that is, Kate, — dear, brave Kate.

Mr. W.: What intricate affair is this you are all mixed up in, and none explain?

Laura: O papa, I am afraid it is not only an intricate affair, but a dreadful one. Do you hear the rain? and see how dark it is! O Reuben, why do you stand there so stupid? Why are you not off like the wind to find Kate?

Mr. W.: What do you say? Kate out in the storm? What do you mean? speak out and tell me.
(*Enter MRS. WARD, traces of tears on her face, in wrapper, etc.*)

Mrs. W.: What is it? I thought Charlie had come.

Laura: O mamma! (*Sounds of steps outside.*)
Hark! they have come. (*REUBEN rushes out; all the others stand breathless, until COL. H., CHARLIE, now quite sober, and KATE, enter.*)

Charlie (coming forward and extending a hand to MR. and MRS. WARD, each): Forgive me, father and mother. God being my helper, I never drink again.

(*MRS. WARD weeps. The girls assist KATE to remove her outer garments.*)

Mr. Ward: My son, my daughter, Colonel Hawley, will you explain this scene? Am I to thank you, Colonel, for the return of my son?

Col. H.: No, Mr. Ward, not me, but your brave daughter here.

Mr. W. (in broken tones, taking KATE by the hand):

God bless you, Kate. (*To CHARLIE.*) My son, as you have drank the last drop, so have I sold the last: God being my helper, and these my witnesses.

Charlie (after a pause, in a low tone, to LUCY): Lucy, I would have concealed this night from you, if possible. Can you believe and trust me for the future?

Lucy: Charlie, I do believe you, and shall pray for your triumph.

(*CHARLIE, still holding LUCY's hand; COL. H., standing by KATE, draws her hand through his arm, and turns to MR. WARD. REUBEN enters and stops near the door.*)

Reuben: Lor' now, Massa called it an intricate 'fair! so 'tis, so 'tis an intricate 'fair! a mixed-up game, and hearts are trumps! (*Curtain.*)

A CHARADE.

HISTORY.

SCENE I. — *His.* — (*An English home. Time, year 1780. Mother and daughter HONORA, sitting together; the former looking over some pictures and papers.*)

Honora: Put them all away, mother, for my heart is sad to-day. They were *his*, and they speak to me of him.

Mother: Why should you be sad, my daughter? He is bravely fighting for his king, and winning higher honors, brighter laurels than painter's brush or poet's pen could give. He will come back to you the brave officer as well as the artist and poet.

Honora : Ah, mother, I wish I could be as hopeful as you are. But a terrible gloom settles over me. *His* pictures, *his* letters, *his* gifts of love to me, all tend to make me sad. I have a presentiment that his own dear self is in trouble, and that he will never come back to his Honora again.

Mother : You have dwelt too deeply on your separation, my dear, and your mind is not right. You have really little to fear. His position is less dangerous than you suppose.

Honora : But what do we know of the colonists, to say nothing of the hardships of a new climate and country ?

Mother : You have nothing, I am sure, to fear from the climate of the New World, and it is probable that the contest with the rebels will soon be at an end.

Honora : I hope you are right, mother, but I cannot get rid of this presentiment that I shall never see him again. But, living or dying, I am *his*.

SCENE II. — *Tory*. — (*Two men talking, near a prison-door.*
Place, America. Time, 1780.)

1st Speaker : It is a sad case, but General Washington could do no differently. He referred it, you know, to fourteen general officers, among whom were Greene and Lafayette. John André is a spy, and as a spy he must die.

2d Speaker : He is a brave soldier, and a gentleman. He is no *Tory*. The *Tory* born and bred on American soil, turning against his country, deserves our bitterest scorn. Not so Major André.

1st Speaker : True, he is no *Tory*. He was born and

reared in England, and an officer in the king's army before the outbreak of our war; but the accomplishment of his base design would have resulted in the fatal loss of West Point to us, and only God knows what other reverses.

2d Speaker : It is Benedict Arnold, the worse than *Tory*, who should be executed rather than this young Englishman.

1st Speaker : And it is no fault of General Washington, that Arnold does not die in his stead, for he has offered to make the exchange, and been denied.

2d Speaker : They are coming.

(Officer and prisoner come from the prison.)

André (looking at something out of sight of the audience) : Must I die by this? I am reconciled to my death, but oh ! not to the mode — *(recovering his composure)*. It will be but a momentary pang. *You* will witness to the world that I die like a brave man. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE III. — *History*. — *(A young lady and gentleman with books. Enter LUCY.)*

Lucy : How earnestly you are poring over that history, Herbert; and Emily, too, seems quite as interested. History is so dry.

Emily : O Lucy ! how can you call it dry? The story of John André is more thrilling than any novel I ever read.

Herbert : And French history teems with thrilling adventures.

Lucy : Oh ! but there is no good come-out to anything in history. Major André, the gentleman and scholar,

is hanged, and I never could find that much was known of him beside.

Emily: It is true, little is known of my hero, though I have read of a blue-eyed English girl, named Honora, who mourned his loss, but what became of her I have never learned.

Lucy: That is just what I was saying. There's no nice ending to the exciting narratives of history.

Emily: But, you know, there is truth in what you read.

Herbert: I do not agree with you, Lucy, in the "come-out" of History. God's hand is in it, and it is a *continued* story, beginning at the creation, and ending only with time. It is not confined to one family, neighborhood, nor country, but embraces the world, and in it we see the purposes of God being wrought out, slowly to us, but in good time to Him to whom a thousand years are as one day.

Lucy: Oh! I know you are right, Herbert, and that the only difficulty with me is narrowness of mind; but I will join your circle, and see if I, too, cannot get good out of History.

PANTOMIME CHARADE.

SNUFFERS.

SCENE I. — *Snuff*.

ONE old lady in ancient dress calls upon another, is gladly welcomed, and, after bonnet and shawl are removed, takes a proffered seat. Then, as they knit, and nod, and smile, first one and then the other produces her snuff-box, which she taps on the cover, after the old-time custom, then removes the cover, and

passes the box to the other. Both partake, using their handkerchiefs freely.

SCENE II. — *Fers (Furs)*.

A peddler displaying furs to several ladies. To make this lively depends on the peddler's ingenuity in acting his part, trying on the furs himself, and parading before the mirror, then putting them on the ladies, and, at last, appearing very nice to those who purchase, and shaking his fist, as he goes out, at those who do not.

SCENE III. — *Snuffers*.

An old gentleman and lady sit by a table on which burns a tallow candle with long snuff; he reading a newspaper, and she knitting a sock. He looks up and motions her to snuff the candle. She tries to do it with two knitting needles, but fails; then she tries a hairpin from her own head with no better success; whereupon the old gentleman impatiently attempts it with his fingers, and only succeeds in burning them. Then, while he blows upon his fingers, she rises, goes out, and returns with *snuffers*, with which she snuffs the candle.

PARLOR READING.

WITH TABLEAUX.

ARRANGE a curtain across one end of the room, behind which to prepare tableaux. If possible, arrange it so as to enter curtained portion of the room from another room, and thus avoid passing through the company with the necessary articles for the different

scenes. Have everything in readiness in order to save delays, which are always tiresome.

A concealed reader reads the story of Blue Beard as given in Dr. Holland's "Bittersweet." After the line, —

"Where he was so kind as to take them,"

Tableau.

A small table set for tea in showy style, and Blue Beard with his three guests seated around it. Blue Beard dressed in as elegant, showy, and ancient a costume as can be obtained, with a blue beard, which can be made from white fur, or hair, colored blue; or, if these cannot be had, an old blue sock, ravelled, will answer very well.

After the line, —

"With feasting and with laughter,"

Tableau.

A wedding. Blue Beard and Fatima dressed in bridal costume, with right hands clasped, and before them the parson in the act of marrying them. Make it as bright and gay as possible, and, if there is room, show wedding guests; the mother, sisters, and brother, among them.

After the line, —

"The wives of her lord and master,"

Tableau.

The heads of five or six young ladies hung up by the hair. To prepare this scene, sew together sheets to reach across the curtained portion of the room. Then sew the same number above them, leaving unsewed spaces at intervals in the seam where those

above are sewed to the lower ones. Fasten them smoothly across the place used for a stage. Then have the young ladies, with faces powdered with corn starch, hair let down full length, and a band of red flannel about their throats, put their heads through the unsewed spaces in the sheet (their bodies being thus hidden except the heads), and draw the long hair up and fasten above. — With closed eyes and open mouths, they will present a very striking appearance.

After the line, —

“Swung his glittering weapon around him,”

Tableau.

Fatima on her knees, and Blue Beard swinging his sword, etc.

After the line, —

“So that he was mortally wounded,”

Tableau.

The two brothers, dressed as soldiers, killing Blue Beard, now on his knees.

A CHARADE.

MENDICANT.

SCENE I. — *Mend.* — (*A pale woman, shabbily dressed, in a scantily furnished room, mending a tattered garment whose holes and patches she displays as she mends.*)

(*She sings.*)

With heart that is weary and worn,
 With dull and aching head;
 Day after day, in unwomanly rags,
 I ply my needle and thread.

Mend, mend, mend,

While starvation looks in at the door;
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch
I sing the song of the poor.

O men with mothers dear!

O men with children and wives!
It is not rum you traffic in,
But human creatures' lives.

Mend, mend, mend,

To keep my children dressed;
While the rumseller eats us up,
And his children all are blessed.

SCENE II. — I. — (*Several boys on stage.*)

Ned Heartly (mounting a platform): Now, boys, I have a proposition to make, which I hope you will all indorse. You know Jim Ridley's family are entirely destitute, while he spends all he or they can earn, for rum in Littleville, and then begs his way home of the farmers between here and there. Everybody is out of patience with Jim,—some so much so, they will not even help his family; but I do not see that the children are to blame, and they ought to go to school, and possibly be prevented from becoming like their father.

Several: I don't see what I can do; nor I; nor I.

Others: Let's hear your proposition.

Ned: It is this: that we put together our spare change and out-grown clothes, and influence others to

do the same, and get up decent suits for them to wear to school.

Several: Good; I indorse it.

Others: I don't see what I can do.

Ned: We can lay the plan before our parents, and ask their aid in wisely selecting and arranging; and the sewing our mothers and the girls will do, I know. Some of us can give old school-books, too, and have them fully equipped by the time the next term opens. Now, how many will join with me in this undertaking? I hope every one will say *I*.

All (heartily): I will; and I; and I; and I; etc.

Ned: Thank you; Come up to our house next Tuesday afternoon, and we will all show what we have been able to do, and make further arrangements.

One of the boys: Good for Ned.

Another: He is a philanthropist.

SCENE III. — *Cant.* — (*Same room as in Scene I. The same woman sewing. Boys, JOHN and JAMES, dressed in whole, second-hand garments, twirling their hats and shuffling old school-books, of which there is a pile on the table. Little MARY, in a new print apron, seated near her mother, looking over a primer.*)

Mrs. Ridley: You will come home to your dinners. We shall have the nice chicken good Mrs. Croly sent over.

John: How good Mrs. Croly is! What did she mean, mother, by saying that Deacon Hardy's religion was all *cant*?

Mrs. R.: She meant that it was a pretence. That

she feared he did not live as a Christian, though he professed to be one.

John : I should think so. He would not give us a pint of milk when baby was sick.

Mrs. R. : Well, my son, we will not judge the deacon. Your father owes him now.

John (sharply) : That's no sign he should let the baby die ! *Mrs. Croly* was right when she said those good boys who gave us so much had more religion in one little finger than the deacon in his whole body. There is no *can't* about them.

James : That's so. When mamma said she wondered how they could do so much, *Ned Hartley* said they had no such word as *can't* in their Book-tionary.

Mrs. R. : Dictionary.

James : Well, no matter ; it's a big book.

Mary (holding up her book to her mother) : See, mamma ; that dog and those rabbits.

Mrs. R. : Yes, dear. How much we owe those good boys.

Mary : I wish they'd come. (*Sound of several steps outside, and a rap at the door.*) Oh, they're here now. (*Jumping up.*) Where's my bonnet ? (*JOHN opens the door.*)

Voice from without : Come on, boys. It will be school-time in a few minutes. Nell and Jennie are here to go with Mary. (*A bustle to get hats and books. Mrs. R. ties on MARY's sun-bonnet and kisses her. The children go out, MARY last.*)

Mary (looking back) : Good-by, ma ; isn't it nice ?

SCENE IV. — *Mendicant.* — (*Farmhouse kitchen. Table partly cleared of the remnants of breakfast. MRS. BLAIR going in and out at the left carrying food and dishes away. Enter at the right MRS. ALLEN with shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand.*)

Mrs. B. : Good-morning, Mrs. Allen. You've caught me now, at this time o' day, just clearing off my table. Have a chair. (*Shoving one toward her.*)

Mrs. A. : I ran in for a pitcher of mixing-milk. We don't have milk now, and I must bake to-day.

Mrs. B. : Oh, certainly! You sit down, and I'll get it. (*Takes the pitcher. MRS. A. sits down.*) You see, I'm all behindhand with my work. Melissa took a start to go to Littleville, this morning, as her father was going; and there was her valise to pack, and a stitch here and a stitch there, to be taken; so I just dropped everything and helped her till they got away.

Mrs. A. : I saw them go by. I reckoned she was going to Littleville. (*Exit MRS. B. with pitcher.*) Humph! I wonder what Melissa is off to Littleville again, so soon, for? Before I'd have Abigail chasing about all the time in that way, I guess I'd see! (*Enter MRS. B.*)

Mrs. B. (*placing pitcher on the table*): Did you know that old beggar was in the neighborhood again?

Mrs. A. : O dear! no; is he?

Mrs. B. : Yes; Ben Martin was over this morning, and said he staid in their barn last night, and was hanging round the house since before daylight, for some breakfast. They say he is Jim Ridley, from

Maple Grove, and drinks up everything he can get when he goes to Littleville, and then begs his way back home. Jacob says he is a *mendicant* because he *can't mend* either his ways or his fortune.

Mrs. A. : Precious little he'll get out of me, after this !

Mrs. B. : That's what I told Sam. I won't have him in the house. Said I to Jacob this morning, said I, "You can see what rum does by looking at him. I remember when he was a likely enough boy, and proud as the best of them, and now he's just a drunken beggar." Said I, "Take warning, Jacob, and let the vile stuff alone ;" and I think he will.

Mrs. A. : Has he gone along yet ?

Mrs. B. : No, I guess not. (*Looking out the window.*) There he is now, coming down the hill ! He walks very slowly.

Mrs. A. (rising) : Well, I must go, then, for Abigail is there alone, and would be almost scared into fits if he should go in. (*Takes the pitcher.*) Thank you for the milk. Come over, by and by.

Mrs. B. : I will, if I get time. You and Abigail run in here. (*Exit Mrs. A.*)

Mrs. B. (clearing the table) : I'll get the victuals out of sight. (*Carries off table-cloth at left and returns with broom just as the beggar "tattered and torn" comes shuffling in at right.*)

Beggar : Mornin', ma'am.

Mrs. B. (coldly — sweeping) : I guess you mistook the place. We don't keep a public-house.

Beggar : Ah ! yes, — ah ! ma'am, but couldn't you give a fellow a little breakfast ?

Mrs. B. : No, sir ! You can just pull on to the poor-house, half a mile over the next hill.

Beggar (advancing) : But I slept in a barn last night, and am cold and hungry.

Mrs. B. (shortly) : Sorry to hear it. Can't you work ?

Beggar : Yes, ma'am, — but hard times, you know. Can't you give me some bread and tea ?

Mrs. B. : No : my bread is out, and tea is cold.

Beggar (coming still farther into the room) : Haven't you got some potatoes, cold puddin', or some-thin' ?

Mrs. P. : No, nothing — absolutely nothing for you.

Beggar : You'll let me set a spell by your stove and warm me ? (*Laying hand on chair.*)

Mrs. B. : No, sir ! Leave this instant ; you miserable drinking beggar. *Leave, I say !* (*Drives him off with the broom.*) Go away, and stay away, until you can mend your habits.

Beggar : MEND ? — I — CANT.

LONGFELLOW.

(*For birthday entertainment.*)

No star or light, lit by God's hand,
Once flashes in existence,
But shines and shines forever on,
Through time and change and distance.

Homer is the star of Greece,
Which glows through all the ages,
And leaves a lingering line of light
On half our printed pages.

Virgil flashed from Roman skies,
With lustre softly glowing ;
And still adown the fields of time
His radiance is flowing.

Amid a crowd of charming lights
In England's constellations,
One Shakespeare proudly stands alone,
The poet of the nations.

And we, so young a hundred years
Can almost tell our story,
Are proud to count our own fair star
In this galaxy of glory.

He shines so near and yet so clear,
Serenest, and the calmest,
Reflections from the selfsame source
With Israel's sacred Psalmist.

And when compared with those profane,
He rises purer, higher :
Mark faithful, sweet Evangeline,
And Helen fair of Tyre.

“Evangeline, who found her lover only when dying,
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to
her bosom,
She bowed her own meekly, and murmured, ‘ Father, I
thank Thee !’

“‘Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters
returning,
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them
full of refreshment.’”

What heroes of the Trojan war,
Who words and weapons brandish,
In generous friendship can compare
With sturdy, grand Miles Standish?
Who defeated in love by his friend, returned and
appeared at the wedding,
“Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the
Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom’s hand, he said with emo-
tion, ‘Forgive me!’”

And who, from even Shakespeare’s brain
Sprang forth so full of beauty,
As the Indian warrior of the west,
In war, in love, in duty?
You have heard how Hiawatha
“Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.”
And have learned of Hiawatha,

How "the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

We turn from Ulysses' wanderings,
And Penelope's trials severe,
To rejoice in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn,"
The "Ride of Paul Revere,"
"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all. And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

And the Monk of the Legend Beautiful
In his silent chamber praying;
Who heard amid the Heavenly light
A voice within him saying:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"
And among the homeless poor
Praying still outside the door,
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

And Elizabeth Haddon's gentle face,
With the faith of the Puritan shining,
In the dull routine of her country life,
So patient and unrepining.
"Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of
others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled."

We turn from the Gods of ancient song
Who the bloodiest heroes defended ;
We turn from the nymphs who the Duke of Milan,
In his island cell, attended,

And list for the "footsteps of angel bands,"
That come at the twilight hours,
And learn of infinite love and hope
From "The Reaper and the Flowers."

They come in the tender "Voices of Night,"
To awaken and remind us,
That we make for good, or make for ill,
Each footprint we leave behind us.

Well if we learn for our "Rainy Day,"
The spirit of "Resignation,"
And join as we drain the "Goblet of Life,"
Blind Ajax' supplication, —
"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race."

The "Birds of Passage" flying past
In bright or cloudy weather,
From out their plumage here and there
Drop down a shining feather.
 "They are the throngs
 Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
The sound of wingèd words."

Sweet "Santa Filomena" here,
 "The Golden Milestone" there,
And after "The Children" the poet loved,
 "Sandalphon," the angel of prayer.
"And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain."

By sylvan streams "The Flower-de-Luce"
For our delight is growing,
And we pause to hear the "Christmas Bells,"
And the "Wind o'er the Chimney blowing."

The "Christmas Bells" ring loud and deep,
 "God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!"
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

And the answer to the "Blowing,"
 "No endeavor is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
 Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Oh naught but the heart of the poet so sweet
 As the music of his singing,
Pure waters from a crystal fount,
 To outer sunshine springing.

And through the earth the thirsty lips
 Of Adam's sons and daughters,
Find sometimes here a sparkling hint
 Of Love's eternal waters.

And though from earth the singer passed
 Through Life's mystical western portal,
The singing goes on — the God-given light
 On earth, and in Heaven, immortal.

A PICNIC POEM.

FROM pleasant homes 'mid fertile fields,
 Beneath the summer's scorching sun,
To sylvan haunts of vocal shade
 The farming-people we have won.

These columns grand around us rise,
 Clothed in their dress of living green ;
While overhead and closing round,
 Stretches God's crystal arch serene.

And here beneath our feet is spread
A carpet, green and soft and cool ;
While lessons grand about us lie
In Nature's omnipresent school.

But better than the vocal shade,
That shields us from the burning sun ;
Better than mosses, flowers, and ferns,
Or any gifts from woodland won ;

Than crystal arch or towering trees,
Or murmuring breezes' welcome kiss, —
Is social friendship's generous bloom,
Fostered to growth in scenes like this.

We meet and shake the friendly hand,
And all our faces wear a smile ;
And cares that crowd upon us all
Are lost in cheerful thoughts the while.

The pleasant word and laugh go round,
And seeds of love are thickly sown,
And flowers of joy and fruits of good
Are nurtured in each pleasant tone.

And here beneath these spreading trees,
That stretch above in grandest grace,
Let fancy build a social creed
To meet the wants of every place.

A thing of beauty it shall be,
When into fair proportions grown ;
Its pillars Truth, its arch of Love,
And Charity its corner-stone.

Envy and hatred, pride and scorn,
No part, nor place, nor thought can claim,
Where loving hearts on social heights
Print out in gold each neighbor's name.

Gossip shall die for want of care,
Good feeling rise as that shall fall;
And every flower that blooms for one
Shall in a sense give sweet to all.

Each joy shall thrill through all our hearts,
Each grief shall find responsive moan,
Good luck or ill shall touch us all,
Nor be for any one alone.

If error comes and weakness proves
We after all are human still,
Forgiveness true shall draw us back,
And cups with blessed sweetness fill.

For we shall leave the bitterness,
We're all deserving more or less,
To Him who judgment calls His own,
And make our work to cheer and bless.

When in all hearts the happy germ
Of such a social creed has birth,
How near will Eden be restored,
Or Heaven begun, indeed, on earth!

And meeting oft in scenes like this
Will help to make our daily real;
If not as high, at least reach up,
And gladly grow toward my ideal.

For, with relief from toil and care,
It fosters health and mental good,
And binds our hearts in closest bonds
Of love, and common brotherhood.

So, if to-day some pleasant seeds
Into our hearts and lives are cast,
May they be nurtured into bloom,
And this glad scene be not our last.

DECORATION DAY.

To-day the earth is dressed in green,
And decked with sweetest flowers;
And all the sky smiles overhead
To bless this land of ours.

No bloody fields portray to-day
The country's priceless cost,
Scarce lovelier could the world have looked
Ere Paradise was lost.

Above the fields of former strife
Now starts the waving grain,
And all is bloom and light and life,
Where our heroes brave were slain.

Bring sweetest flowers to deck the graves
Where their noble forms are laid;
Bring amaranths and evergreens,
Not those that early fade.

Plant myrtle and forget-me-nots
And roses, white and red ;
Twine laurel wreaths about the stones
Where sleep our martyred dead.

And in the heart and on the lip
Let those who lie away,
Far off in swamps and in the sea, .
Be crowned with living Bay.

All this we do in memory
Above their sacred dust,
While they, 'mid flowers sweeter than ours,
Rejoice to-day, we trust.

And while we feel they do not need
Our little gifts of praise,
The country needs their flowery mounds
Through all its future days.

Oh may a living monument
Be raised in hearts to-day,
To keep the gift they saved for us
In purity for aye.

May children's children evermore
In this same work delight,
And hold this day in sacredness
To freedom, truth, and right.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SABBATH
SCHOOL.*(For Children's Day.)*

THEY come in the golden morning,
The children, merry and sweet,
To learn the lessons Mary learned,
When she sat at the Saviour's feet.

They come to drink at the Fountain,
Whose waters, crystal clear,
Change all the bitter to sweetness,
Through life's short journey here.

They come to gather the treasure,
Bright gems more precious than gold ;
Which, with no use, will tarnish,
And with time will ne'er grow old.

They come to partake of the Bread of Life,
Which we break in the Master's name ;
And, in the freshness of childhood,
His promises sweet to claim.

O beautiful, beautiful children,
What lessons tender and true,
Do you give to your world-wise teachers,
While they claim to be teaching you !

Ah, well may we pray for wisdom,
That we give you only the truth ;
And lead you up to a fuller life,
From a happy and innocent youth.

ONWARD.

(Read at an Alumni meeting.)

NEVER backward, ever onward,
Roll the chariot wheels of time;
And the clock ticks forward, forward,
In a low, prophetic chime.

In the sunny locks of childhood,
In the opening buds of spring;
In the dim-eyed, gray-haired aged,
In the fruits the harvest bring.

See, the path leads ~~ever~~ outward,
When we wake, and when we sleep;
First the wheels but touch it lightly,
Then the ruts grow wide and deep.

Though we look with eager longing —
Backward turn a tearful face,
Not a step in all the journey
Can our moving feet retrace.

Happy school-days lie behind us,
Rising up in memory bright;
As we gaze on other students,
Gathered in these halls to-night.

Thus it is through years and ages,
New ones take the place of old;
Constant changes mark the pathway,
Where the wheels of time have rolled.

And, with time, the steps of progress,
In God's wisely ordered world,
Move ahead with this same motto,
On its banner wide unfurled.

From the days when out of Eden,
Under Heaven's blue smiling arch,
God, to punish our first parents,
Gave to them a "Forward March."

To the time when to the manger,
Shepherds came at Jesus' birth,
Bringing offerings and blessings
To the fairest child on earth.

Had the Prophets and the teachers
Helped to move the work along ;
Had foretold the Saviour's coming,
And the overthrow of wrong.

From the days of Inquisition
When, in Jesus' holy name,
Blood was shed, and faithful martyrs
Perished at the stake in flame.

To this day when Freedom, bravely,
Gives to speech and thought a right ;
Has the world been moving upward
To a clearer, broader light.

Art and education spreading,
And religious hopes are shown,
Promising a wider glory
Than the past has ever known.

And unto Religion wedded,
Science holds her snowy hand ;
While sweet Peace and Industry
Walk rejoicing through the land.

All of Nature bears this motto,
In the earth, the sea, the sky ;
E'en the worm of yesterday,
Soars to-day a butterfly.

As the tiniest seed holds ever,
Wondrous germs of springing life ;
So has man within him dwelling,
Mind with powers for active strife.

E'en the little crowing infant,
Nestling in his mother's arms,
Tiny thing for fond caresses,
Ever sweet with countless charms,

Catches from the world around it,
Little world of mother's smiles,
That which feeds its active senses,
And its little thought beguiles.

But as Time moves swiftly onward,
Drawing marks across its face,
Soon the child must learn to struggle
Or be losing in the race.

For, while God has written "onward"
Everywhere in earth and sky,
He has given man a spirit,
That must help itself to fly.

Weak the soul that sits in darkness,
With no struggle for the light ;
All around, within, above it,
Calls it to an upward flight.

Moments pregnant with importance,
Brimming o'er with precious truth ;
Flying past with golden promise,
For the fiery heart of youth.

Flowers of gladness, fruits of sweetness,
Bloom and ripen every day ;
Tinted shells, with pearls inside them,
Are washed up and borne away.

Precious ores await the mining,
And the harvest fields are white ;
Laurel wreaths still wait for victors,
On the field of truth and right.

There are mountains steep and rugged
Yet for human feet to try ;
There are valleys, yet uncultured,
Where the multitudes go by.

Heaven above, and earth beneath us,
Hold great volumes yet unread ;
And for words the world is calling,
That, as yet, no tongue has said.

It is ours to journey upward,
Why this lagging of our wings ?
Why this shrinking from the labor,
When we long for what it brings ?

Though for some there's little research,
Into science's depthless mine,
All may drink at Shiloh's fountain,
And their spirits there refine.

Not alone the strong and healthful,
Not alone the buoyant youth,
May reap golden fruits of promise,
From the ripening fields of Truth.

Not alone the public preacher,
Not alone the men of fame,
Move the world to great endeavor,
And the crowns of Heaven claim.

By the humble country firesides,
Words are spoken soft and low,
That shall sound from many housetops,
In the coming day, we know.

There are little knowledge boxes,
On these hillsides green and fair,
That are fitting out the heroes,
From the lads and lassies there.

There's a little, low, brown cottage,
Where a woman dwells alone,
Who has uttered words most worthy
Of a queen upon her throne.

Words she never thought would linger
In the mighty realm of thought;
Like the down of thistle blossoms
Go, and never can be caught.

There's a room of taste and culture,
Where another lies all day
On a bed of pain and weakness,
Wrinkled face and hair of gray.

But with eyes of wondrous beauty,
Where the lights of heaven sleep;
And a voice as when soft fingers
O'er a sweet-toned organ sweep.

Oh, her soul's been moving upward,
In its prison-house of pain;
And her influence has moved outward
In a work no wrong can chain.

Many a soul is shouting praises
From the songs that she has sung;
For no pain can check the progress
Of a heart forever young.

Oh, no work can be more worthy,
Than of struggling bravely on;
Pining not with idle longings
Over hopes forever gone.

Building up from shattered ruins
Faith and hope for future years;
Gathering peace, which calmly shining,
Makes a rainbow of our tears.

Fair sweet faces that we buried
In the darkness, out of sight,
Should be strong and pure incentives
Leading ever toward the light.

For upon those shores eternal
They are beckoning us along ;
To encourage us in striving,
And give sweetness to our song.

Onward, upward, be our watchwords,
And each trial on our way,
Be but stepping stones, still leading
To the great unclouded day.

Not alone in life eternal
Shall we win a crown of gold,
But in all our work of fitting
Do we reap an hundred-fold.

All the angels help us forward,
And, when faith has passed to sight,
Still I think the motto "Onward,"
Will be written there in light.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

(For the Month of May.)

TO GRANDMA.

AGAIN the month of bud and bloom,
That puts to flight all wintry gloom,
Makes glad the children of men,
And brings us here with right good cheer
To celebrate, O grandma dear,
Your threescore years and ten.

As the earth renews herself to-day
With sunny skies and blossoms gay,
 Would we your youth renew,
By scattering about your feet
The violets fair and roses sweet
 Which once about you grew.

But, ah ! no earthly love has power
To summon in a leisure hour,
 The pleasures that have flown;
Recall the years that long since fled,
Or bring to life the precious dead
 From graves so long grass-grown.

But we can come with eager feet,
With later loves and garlands sweet,
 And wish you joy to-day ;
To twine among your autumn leaves,
Your garnered fruits and ripened sheaves,
 The blossoms of *our* May.

Through all the years your hand has wrought
With wise design and loving thought,
 The seeds of good to sow,
We trace the loving Hand Divine,
And mark God's goodness round you shine,
 In Autumn's golden glow.

The memories of your own glad spring
With tender shadows still must cling,
 About these later years ;

But evermore, with radiance bright
To Christian hearts, a happy light
Upon the cloud appears.

The dear ones that you've loved and lost
Have but the silent River crossed,
To hopes and joys unseen ;
They form with those upon this shore
A circle, perfect as before,
With river mists between.

So, as the years renew their springs,
Life still to you new blessing brings,
New blossoms of the May.
Each birthday adds some jewel fair
Of love unto the crown you wear,
That never fades away.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY LINES.

DEAR friends, across the fleeting years
Of many smiles and fewer tears,
A pleasant chain of light appears,
A golden line,
To join the pleasures of to-day
With that now slipped so far away,
When first your lives were joined for aye
By word divine.

Along this line we like to trace
The bridegroom's beaming, happy face ;
The modest bride's becoming grace,
Where love appears ;

And then to note the pleasant life,
With blessings and with gladness rife,
And greet to-day both man and wife
Of thirty years.

Oh, blessed path your feet have trod,
Beneath the loving eye of God.
The years, with sandals golden shod,
Have come and gone ;
And the dear circle, whence the bride
Stepped forth to walk her choice beside,
Unbroken still, in peace abide,
No link withdrawn.

But added links of lustre bright,
Of love and hope and joy and light,
Are woven in that chain to-night.
And in the van
Is filial love ; the little feet
Paused not in childhood's pastures sweet,
But quick and straight for manhood's street
They eager ran.

And some there are who gather here,
Whose hearts do hold a record dear
Of kindly acts and words of cheer
Which you have given ;
We come to show how strong and deep
The memory of kind acts we keep ;
As thus you sow, so may you reap
This side of Heaven.

And as the shadows longer grow,
As on life's downward road you go,
To where eternal waters flow,
 May evening shades
Still find a light about your hearth,
Lit by the choicest loves of earth,
Whose fragrance of immortal birth
 The air pervades.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

(For the Golden Wedding of a Sabbath School.)

SUPERINTENDENT AND TEACHER.

REJOICE, be glad, a light divine
 In these rooms I seem to see,
As when Jesus made the water wine
 In Cana of Galilee.

That wedding service, how sweet and grand,
 Where He was the honored guest,
And every union of hand with hand
 By His presence may be blessed.

We may feel it here, with conscious pride,
 And joy that smiles through tears,
As we honor a love which has been tried
 Through half a hundred years.

O beautiful years of shadow and sun,
 Since youth's radiant roseate glow
First brightened the path but just begun
 In that sweet long ago.

Wealth showered no gifts of silver and gold
On that simple wedding-day ;
But the faith and love which could not grow old
Were better far than they.

And hearts and hands were brave and true,
And never afraid to toil ;
So little by little the homestead grew
From out the sturdy soil.

With added cares came added joys,
Each crowding each along,
And a healthy band of girls and boys
Soon filled the home with song.

O friends, how often, o'er and o'er,
Death's angel trod the land,
And, pausing at some neighbor's door,
Still left in peace your band.

But other loves and other homes
Have claimed them one by one,
Until, as the evening twilight comes,
You're left once more alone.

Yet not alone, for love once ours
Can never pass away ;
The fragrance of those earlier hours
Fills all these rooms to-day.

Once more the music of youthful glee
Re-echoes in the hall,
And perchance the children whom you see
By the old, sweet names you call.

And matrons fair, with thoughtful brow,
And earnest, deep-voiced men,
Who call you father and mother now
Give answer back again.

God's promises pass not away,
In them you safely rest ;
And children's children here to-day
Rise up to call you blest.

And we cannot forget, who ourselves have known,
How your hearts have opened wide,
To embrace the children not your own,
Their little steps to guide.

You saw God's vineyards for harvest white,
And the laborers very few ;
And the schoolroom became a temple of light
For a noble work and true.

Though years have passed, you may not see
The fruit you labored to win,
For we cannot know what the end will be
When we gather the children in.

But the Master counteth every seed
Which in His name is sown.
A cup of cold water to one in need
Is as to Him alone.

With neighbors, friends, and children dear
We blend our wishes to-night ;
As the past has been useful through many a year,
Be the future peaceful and bright.

May Father Time, who's silvered your hair
And brought you a wedding of gold,
Preserve your youth with reverent care,
That your *hearts* may never grow old.

At the end of the way, which cannot be long,
Is a beautiful golden gate,
Which opens into the land of song
Where Christ and His angels wait.

A joyful entrance there you will claim
When, leaving your earthly home,
To the marriage supper of the Lamb
The Bridegroom bids you come.

CRYSTAL WEDDING LINES.

DEAR bride and bridegroom, we have come
With hearts more full than hands;
For well we know affection true
More love than gifts demands.

Each face is bright with friendly light,
Each hand-clasp warm and true;
Each heart-throb that our bosoms feel,
A kindly throb for you.

In every gift that we have brought,
A gleam of love appears,
To throw a light back on the path
You've walked these fifteen years.

Sweet years ! Life's dear home-blessings lie
Bedecked with flowers and pearls,
And choicest shine among them all
Your wreath of boys and girls.

God's gift are they ; all that we bring
Are only emblems small,
Of that Great Love which, throned above,
Still holds and guides us all.

May He still guide your steps below,
And lead you in the light,
And grant, if best, we give you cheer
On your *golden wedding* night.

POEM.

(For a Golden Wedding Anniversary.)

HARK ! for I hear the music
Across the fields of snow,
Echoes sweet of the jubilant spring
In the hopeful long ago.

The song of birds in the orchard,
The breath of apple bloom,
Among the snows of winter
There lingers still perfume.

'Tis the day of the golden wedding,
And the years that are between
Lie like a summer landscape,
In twilight's golden sheen.

What though the snows of winter
Covered a world of frost ?
'Twas life's own happy springtime
When Love the threshold crossed.

And spring when the wooing and winning
Planned out the humble nest,
Where hands could share life's burdens,
And hearts be truly blest.

To-day we meet in gladness
To celebrate the old,
And trace through half a century
Love's radiant line of gold.

We see no golden showering
Of worldly wealth and show ;
But love and faith unchanging
In that wedding long ago.

'Twas the old romance repeated
Where shadows crossed the sun,
And trial made triumph the sweeter,
When the prize at last was won.

And in the home, rejoicing,
The children came and played ;
And affection's song and laughter
The merry music made.

The precious elder sister,
The brothers full of fun,
And the mates who came to join them,
When the busy day was done.

Here the children gathered treasures
And strength for future cares
From the father's loving counsels,
And the mother's tender prayers.

But where the sun shines brightest,
The shadows darkest fall ;
And ever in the wake of smiles,
Tears come alike to all.

And in these songs of gladness,
There's a plaintive undertone ;
A sweet and precious memory
Where a lovely presence shone.

In the home now grown so empty,
When the boys return with pride
Bringing each a newer daughter,
His loved and chosen bride.

And the house again is merry
With childish prattle sweet ;
While hands outvie in scattering
The roses at your feet.

We know, O friends ! how vacant
Is still the wide, wide place,
Where shone in radiant beauty
A dear one's sparkling face.

But sorrow is not without blessing,
And tears have a mission divine ;
God knows what we need to fit us
In His kingdom of love to shine.

The years have grown rich in passing,
And the last is not the least ;
The old wine was the richest,
At Cana's marriage feast.

You have lived to prove God's promise,
In which you safely rest ;
And rejoice that children's children
Rise up and call you blest.

What though life's bleak December
Has sprinkled its frost in your hair ;
Since your hearts keep young and tender,
It shines as a glory there.

And He who has crowned you with honor
Invites, when all time has flown,
To that glorious marriage supper,
Where Christ will claim His own.

GOLDEN WEDDING LINES.

DEAR friends, upon this hallowed day,
We send you greeting cheer,
And golden wishes from our hearts,
To crown this golden year.

Along the path your youthful feet
Together chose to tread ;
Through shade and shine, through smiles and tears,
Love's gentle hand has led.

And looking backward through the years,
How brief what seemed so long !
A half a century in a thought,
Repeated in a song.

The happy home, the little ones,
The added thought and care ;
The little lamb caught from the fold,
The little vacant chair.

The added graves, the added tears,
To-day your hearts review ;
But clouds that seemed so dense and dark,
Now let the sunlight through.

For graves are often earthly signs
Of burdens sad laid down ;
And many a cross is buried here,
To give the loved a crown.

"He liveth long, who liveth well ;"
How long a life appears,
When measured by the loving deeds
Of half a hundred years.

Wherein two hearts united stand,
To cheer and bless their kind ;
No wonder that of ripened fruits
A golden share you find.

The wishes of your many friends,
Fall down in happy showers,
To fill with light and June-time bloom,
The Autumn's twilight hours.

Oh ! may the autumn be so bright,
So full of song and tune,
That at the last you'll pass in peace,
Into Eternal June.

And from the gold and diamond days,
Which rare to earth are given,
Go on and on to grander things,
Still hand in hand in heaven.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

(To an elderly lady, with a gift of flowers.)

In the autumn time, dear friend, I bring,
Not the fruits of the full, ripe year,
But the blossoms sweet of happy spring,
As a glad memento here.
For though I wish you abundant sheaves,
In return for good seed sown,
I believe your heart, 'mong the autumn leaves,
Its spring-time has not outgrown.

You know in the blessed Master's school,
The Shepherd's sheltering fold,
Where love and hope and faith have rule,
The pupils ne'er grow old.
So as you count to-day the years,
And Auld Lang Syne have sung,
With smiles we'll chase away the tears,
And count you still as young.

ALUMNI POEM.

How one by one our birthdays come,
With silent steps, and voices dumb,
Till man's whole life is in the sum,
 We note them not;
Save after many a one has flown,
And weeds of change have overgrown
The flowers we, thinking were our own
 So eagerly have sought.

O fleeting years that come and go !
Transforming all things that we know,
With fingers subtle if not slow,
 We pause to-day,
And, looking out across the tide,
Which stretches inland far and wide,
The past and present to divide,
 Review the way.

We see the faces pure and sweet,
We loved so much in youth to greet,
With light and merriment replete,
 And sparkling eyes ;
We hear old steps upon the floor,
And voices gay come through the door,
And all the happy days of yore
 In joyfulness arise.

I close my eyes : a morning fair,
With singing birds and golden air
And breaths of sweetness everywhere
 Around me glows ;

A land of purple, gold, and green,
Of wooded hills and vales between,
And here and there the silver sheen
Where sparkling water flows.

Hope rides on every wave of light,
And helps to make the morning bright,
To one who never knew the night,
Youth's diadem;
And in the freshness of life's morn
I leave the home where I was born
At time of planting of the corn,
To seek the dear old Sem.

Oh wonderful journey! eventful day!
I never had been so far away,
No wonder my heart was light and gay
O'er all I met!
Talk not to me of trips abroad;
That day, when fairies, golden shod,
Made all the grass-blades smile and nod,
I never can forget.

'Twas planting time. My fresh, young heart,
Of Nature's self a happy part,
No knowledge had of pride or art;
Its only need
Some workers in God's vineyards white
To till the soil in prayer aright,
And in the spring-time, fresh and bright,
With care to sow the seeds.

Were I to tell what there I found,
Some dear Alumni gathered round,
Would recognize each sight and sound,
 And softly smile;
Or be transported back in tears,
Over the intervening years,
To where the rosy light appears
 On youth's transcendent isle.

The Seminary in its pride,
The white church nestled close beside,
Upon the common, green and wide,
 Would see once more;
And every path from every street,
Worn smooth by youthful, tripping feet,
At that one focus sure to meet, —
 The Seminary door.

What tillers in that vineyard wrought!
What flowers of love and gems of thought!
What lessons grand were daily taught,
 By faithful lives!
Although the words, like seeds decayed,
When in the fertile soil they're laid,
Each plant that grew and cast its shade
 Forevermore survives.

Ah! many cities of the dead,
Over the silent past are spread,
Where cheeks grew pale and bright hopes fled,
 Nor came again.

Ah ! Time has laid his fingers grim,
As though ourselves belonged to him,
Our cheeks to blanch and eyes to dim,
Between the now and then.

And yet to-day gladly there stands,
What remnant of those happy bands
Is left to clasp each other's hands
Greetings to bear ;
In memory of those earlier hours,
Amid affection's blooming bowers,
To her whom still we claim as ours, —
Our Alma Mater dear.

Sometimes what in our hearts we bear,
With warmest love and gentlest care,
As mothers hold their babies fair,
With tender eyes :
Or the old oak its branches flings,
To guard the vine that round it clings,
We give the name of little things,
Regardless of their size.

And those on whom we lean and rest,
As children on a parent's breast,
In whose strong wisdom we are blest,
The saint and sage ;
With reverent love we fondly hold,
And bless with praises manifold,
And in their greatness call them old,
Regardless of their age.

So, looking backward through the mist,
To where the early sunlight kissed
The faces sweet we long have missed,
 And the dear school,
We call her old, though then forsooth,
She revelled in her happy youth,
Strong in her noble work of truth,
 So good and beautiful.

She still is young, though years have flown,
And she to such proportions grown,
To stranger eyes would scarce be known ;
 Yet through disguise
Of change of dress and time and place,
A child the lineaments will trace,
And recognize its mother's face,
 With ever-ready eyes.

She still is young, and youth is strong
To forward right and battle wrong.
We trust her days may yet be long,
 Her praises sung
By happy students yet unborn,
Her children still the land adorn,
And on her bright, centennial morn
 She'll yet be strong and young.

O ye, the students of to-day !
With footsteps light and faces gay,
Rejoicing in Life's sunny May,
 One word to you :

A talisman for all your life,
Whate'er the labor and the strife
With which your days may yet be rife,
 'Tis this, "*Be true, be true!*"

In the same ways which we have trod,
Lay your foundations deep and broad,
True to yourselves, and true to God,
 E'en in your youth ;
Learn it in life but just begun,
"It follows as the night the sun,
You cannot then be false to any one,"
 The poet's words of truth.

And ye, the class, that here no more
Will enter daily at the door,
But hear beyond the rush and roar
 Of Life's great sea,
From shipwrecked hopes there comes no wail,
Ye only see the favoring gale,
And eager for an outward sail,
 Your hearts beat cheerily.

And this is well, — a courage high,
Ready for right to do or die,
When first the open sea you try,
 Is what you need ;
With hope and faith in truth combined,
With love for God and all mankind,
Leave every doubt and fear behind, —
 We wish you, then, God-speed.

And now the Alumni, friends of old,
Whose schooldays, like a story told,
Are pictures set in frames of gold,
 One thought I bear,
To cheer me in Life's changing ways,
To turn my sighs to songs of praise,
And bridge with light the stormy days,
 I'd like you all to share.

I know how quick the morn goes by,
And how the sun rides hot and high ;
But to descend the evening sky,
 Alas, how soon !
I know the shadows will longer grow,
When down the western slope we go,
To where eternal waters flow,
 In Life's late afternoon.

I know how o'er and o'er again,
Sometimes in joy, often in pain,
We do a work which seems as vain
 As Penelope's web ;
Across our way faint starlight shines,
From realms beyond our poor confines,
We take not the height of God's designs,
 By our mental astrolabe.

But this one faith I have and hold,
The magic stone long sought of old,
Transmuting all things into gold,
 We're students still

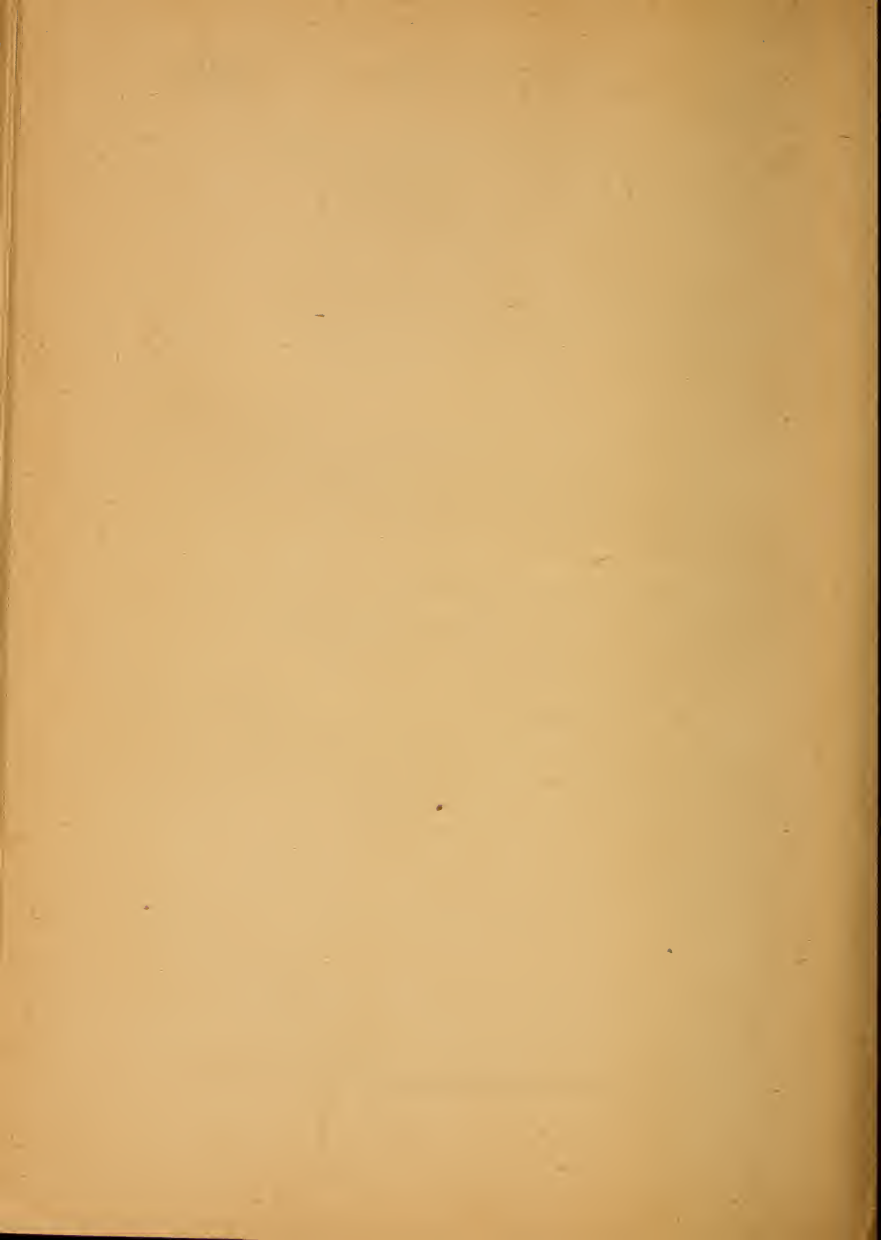
In God's great school, and lessons grand,
We sometimes fail to understand,
Are given by His loving hand,
 To mould us to His will.

What though the early morning flies,
If noontide bring with sweet surprise,
Some nobler lessons, true and wise ?

 As flowers unfold,
O'er every bud that disappears,
Why shed we Niobe's hopeless tears,
Since, counting the eternal years,
 We never may grow old ?

The elixir the ancients sought,
From distant lands could not be brought,
But faith, and faith alone, has taught

 The precious truth ;
If we but live Christ's life in ours,
We need not note the passing hours,
Nor fear the failing of our powers,
 For Christ redeems our youth.



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